

Eusebia Triumphans.

Carmen Gratulatorium

Auspicatissimæ

INAUGURATIONI

HANOVERANÆ SUCCESSIONIS,

I N

Augustino PRINCIPE,

GEORGIO,

Dei Gratia,

Magnæ Britanniae, Franciæ & Hiberniæ,

REGE, &c.

L O N D I N I,

Anno M,DCC,XV.

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To the Most HAPPY
INAUGURATION
OF THE
HANOVER SUCCESSION
IN THE
Most August PRINCE,
GEORGE,
By the Grace of God,
Of Great Britain, France and Ireland,
KING, &c.
A Congratulatory POEM.

Pro Aris & Focis.

L O N D O N,

Printed, Anno M,DCC,XV.

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The Author's Name

LONDON

Printed Anno MDCCXV.

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
GEORGE
Prince of Wales, &c.

MY LORD,

I*F my Presumption in tendering this Poem to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Acceptance, may arrogate any least Pretension to Your Pardon, it has no other Beam of Grace to hope from, than that the Great Subject of it is the Delight of the British World: Such Transports have we receiv'd from the Prospect of those endless National Blessings, which the most Illustrious PATRON I address to, shall give us; when not only enrich'd Himself with so many Princely Endowments, but likewise with those numerous descending VEINS, as shall transmit his own ever-living VIRTUES down to latest Posterity.*

B And

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And indeed the banding down a ROYAL Protestant Descent, secured to remotest Ages, appears so inestimable a Blessing, that our yearly Millions lately expended, were truly and properly laid out in that Purchase. For, as strenuously and as generously as we champion'd for the Liberties of EUROPE, in reducing the Ambition of FRANCE to Reason; still it all center'd in that naturally dearest and nearest Interest Self-preservation. The Dread BRITANNIA in all her Battles uplifted her Avenging Arm like that of St. MICHAEL. She fought in the Cause of HEAVEN, viz. in the Defense of her own Holy Religion, by fixing and rooting her unshaken Altars to the End of the World.

Nay, to say Truth, both the UNION of our Kingdoms at home, and our Alliances abroad, tended all to this great End: Insomuch, that whilst our British HEROES set out to Fields of Laurel, the very CROSS in their Standard display'd their Commission, In hoc Signo vincite. And, indeed, the proud BRITANNIA may justly boast her self Conqueror in this Cause. Whilst, with no common Songs of Triumph, she has happily Congratulated her Darling HANOVER's Accession to her Sovereign Throne, in that Auspicious and Halcion Entry, his Way even strew'd with Roses.

And now, joyning the Universal Knees of BRITAIN, when thus tendering this humble Presentation to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, permit me so far to pride my self; that in all the Addresses to the most Illustrious Protestant
Line

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Line of *SUCCESSION*, This, I may aver,
has been the only, at least early, Poetical Ob-
lation, paid to those Darling Hopes of *BRITAIN*. For, as my other British Brothers of
the Quill, tho' Masters possibly of more deser-
ving Pens, defer'd their slower Devotion, till
His *MAJESTY*'s Accession to the *THRONE*,
their Muses rather Homagers to the Risen than
Rising *SUN*: This humble Essay, a Perfor-
mance how short soever from so Exalted a Sub-
ject, nevertheless made its Original Appearance in
the First Year of Her Late *MAJESTY*'s Reign.
And 'tis from hence the Author has assumed so
much the more hardy Courage, in daring to lay
it at Your *ROYAL HIGHNESS*'s Feet, being,

with all profoundest Humility,

Your Highness's

most dutiful, and

most devoted Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

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BEFORE we enter into so beautiful a Prospect as that of the great Theme before us, give us leave to make a short stop in the Portico, to cast a Look on a few unbending Knees amongst us, an unbelieving Race, if not too wilfully, at least too unreasonably blind, to the Glory of this SUCCESSION; not that their Numbers or their Power are worth a Thought; nor would we make so poor a Digression from the exalted Subject we have undertaken, to descend to converse with Discontents and Murmurs; any other-wise than that, tho' the Snarles of Malice and Prejudice are the Objects of our Scorn; however those of Persuasion and Principle ought to move our Pity: And as such, 'tis in Tenderness for the Conversion of this last Infidelity, we would humbly offer a little Light of Reason, for dispelling the Mist before them.

These Male-contenters found their unhappy Dissent against this Establishment, on a too reigning Tenent among 'em, *viz.* That the next Heir of an Hereditary Monarchy claims by a Right Divine, so absolutely unfringible by all Human Ordination, Power, or Authority, on any pretence whatever; that let the Prospect of the Administration from the next Lineal Successor be more dreadful than our very Fears can paint it; however bound by that Evangelical Precept, *That we must not do Ill, that Good may come of it*; they make it a matter of Conscience to promote his Accession to the Throne, not only by their warmest Wishes and Prayers, but by the utmost Endeavours and Studies of their Lives; while the Transports of Zeal ev'n hurry them so far, that they rejoyce at every Wound made in the Sides of their Bleeding Country; sing *Te Deum* at every Triumph of our Enemies; nay, want nothing less than the whole Necks of Enslaved Europe under the Feet of France, and all to enable her to mount their young Hopes at St. Germans into the Throne of England.

As this ponderous Weight of Conscience sets all these rapid Wheels a driving; to Examine therefore the Strength of this main Article of their Faith, we shall first refer them even to their own Great Idol of France, their present best Darling for no other Merit, than being the greatest Enemy to the HANOVER Succession; and desire 'em to recollect, that ev'n He, their own Lewis himself, holds his own Imperial Crown by the very same Tenure, *An Act of Settlement.*

The

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THE great Founders of the *Salick-Law* were so far from mounting their succeeding Monarchs by this *Jure Divino*; that on the contrary they foreclosed the whole Birthright of the Daughters of *France*, to the end of the World; who otherwise in an Hereditary Succession, by the Claim of Nature, in case of Failure of the Male-Line, are equally entituled to the Right of Inheritance; and all for no other State Reason, then the meer Shadow of a popular Fear, of effeminating the Warlike *Gauls* under a Female Regency, &c. A Shadow indeed! ay, and *Lewis* himself has prov'd it such: For wherein lies the Defect of a Female Hand in weilding a Scepter? 'Tis true, she cannot, upon occasion, lead Armies; however, she may keep those that can. A *Deborah* may have a Soul as great as a *Jephtha*; and a *Semiramis* an Ambition equal to an *Alexander*. Nay, this very same *Lewis*, that has been Forty Years in Wars, and yet never draws Sword, might have equally atchieved his every individual Conquest, worn all the same Laurels, and reign'd the very same Disturber of the World, had his cold-blooded Father's Twenty Years Expectation been only blest with a Petticoat *Deodate* for his Successor. If therefore the Law-makers of *France*, for their National Safety, are allowed to exclude their Female Descendants, only to Fence against a Fantom; does not our Provision, from the same Motive of Safety, carry infinitely stronger Reason and Justice with it, in sheilding against our most substantial Danger, by the Exclusion of our *Romish Heirs*, so notoriously Destructive to the present Constitution of *England*. Nay, as our Murmurers are as fond of the Branch as the Root, no less passionately devoted to the present *Philip* of *Spain*, than to his Grandfather. If they are so warm in the Justification of the late Disposal of the *Spanish* Crown, by the bare last Will of a dying craz'd King, (supposing no worse Play) and yet so implacable against the Settlement of an *English* Succession, Establish'd both by King and People, in their sober sound Senses, the whole National Wisdom together: *quære*, Whether our Frenchified-Zealots are not a Kin to that perverse Generation, that swallow the Camel and strain at the Gnat.

IF this unalienable Right of Blood stood founded on all this unmoveable Basis of Divinity, 'tis certainly a Matter of no little wonder to reflect, that in so important a Structure as the whole Government and Regulation of Human Society, the Preservation of Mankind being undoubtedly GOD's second great Work, next to his Creation of them, and all so highly depending on the Regal Administration of Power; the whole Divine Records should be so silent on that Subject, as to leave us not the least Hint of a Divine Command for the Establishment of any such unalterable Succession of Kings. No, we are so far from finding any Divine Precepts for the Confirmation of so indispensable a Lineal Right, that we have Precedents even from GOD himself of his own Dispensation to the contrary, when the very second anointed Monarch, over his own darling People, was a *David*, not a *Jonathan*. Nay, the very Preservation even of the Prerogative of GOD himself seems to enforce the Necessity of a Dispensing Power sometimes, to set aside the Lineal Claim of Royal Veins; for this extravagant Sup-

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position of Imperial Right of Inheritance, lying under no Human Check or Controul, exposes Mankind to that naked and defenseless State, that they stand obliged to throw open their very Doors to let in their own Destruction; whilst the next Heir, upon this uncontrollable Presumption of Right, thereby absolutely Secure, and utterly fearless of Dispossession, stands free to imbibe all the most pernicious Principles, and from thence to give a loose to every exorbitant Lust of Power, that shall prompt him to break in upon the whole Right of the People, and the whole Frame of Government, in Gratification to that Lust. Thus what does this chimerical Notion of unalterable Succession amount to less, then that the Almighty Founder of Order and Harmony, that sets up Kings, as the supreme Ministers of Justice, and Nursing-Fathers to their People, his own Vicegerents, and even the nearest Image of himself; is here supposed to convey down to Crown'd Heads that unaccountable Divine Right, a pure Emanation from himself, as shall destroy his own intended Fabrick of Majesty, to the utter Defacing of his own true Image, whenever the headlong Administration of Oppression and Tyranny shall think fit to Obliterate the whole Lineaments of the Divinity.

IF these over-nice Scrupulists want a lawful Bar to the Succession; What do they think of *Idiotism* or *Lunacy*? If a natural Incapacity of Regal Administration, in such a Case, may justly exclude a next Heir, Shall not a Political one equally warrant an Exclusion? If the whole Community, for the publick Preservation, may with Justice refuse the Reins of an Establish'd Government, to a Hand too weak to hold them, Are they such Criminals in denying them to the Hand that will tear them to pieces; the Depravity of Right Reason being unquestionably more dreadful at the Helm of Power then the Deprivation of it? We Tremble before a Reigning *Nero*, when we Pity a Grazing *Nebuchadnezzar*; the Brutality of the first being infinitely more Terrible then that of the last.

IF the legal Possessor of the Crown, in Concurrence with a whole Kingdom, cannot divert the Descent from the next of Blood without a manifest Violation of a Right, derived all from GOD; then under the same Oligation of Justice, as they cannot divest him of the Crown, neither can they strip a Jewel from it: 'Tis Robbery to Pillage a Portico; and 'tis but Robbery to Ransack a whole Palace. And what's the dismal Consequence of this Position, but that every Branch of the present *English* Liberties, obtained in favour of the Subject, by the least Retrenchment from the Original exorbitant Power of Majesty, some of them the dear bought Purchase of *English* Blood, and all of them the most solemn Establishment of the whole Legislative Authority; are only a waste-paper Bundle of Records, that expired with the Generation that made them; for the Possessor cannot bind the Successor. Thus, by one single Blast from the Mouth of *Divine Right*, the whole Human Oracles from *St. Stephen's Chappel* are as utterly confounded as the Languages at *Babel*. Nay, from this Hypothesis of Government, we may very reasonably ask, Whether a Romish Successor, holding by no Human Tenure, but mounting purely

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purely by this *Jure Divino*, may not pretend to the Re-establishment of Popery, even by a legal and unquestionable Branch of his own Hereditary Perogative; the Protection and Patronage of of his own old Mother-Church being undoubtedly the Native Claim of his Royal Predecessors: And consequently in restoring of Popery, even to her highest Glory and Authority, he only resumes an Imperial Plume so long and so injuriously clipt from the Crest of his Ancestors. And if the warm Zealots for this exotick Scheme of Right, are for handing a Romanist to the Throne, as owing his Succession wholly to a Title from G O D, and not at all from Man; they need not fear, but where his whole Obligation lies, his whole Gratitude will be paid; and how paid, our trembling Altars and Liberties may very easily, and indeed but too dreadfully apprehend.

T O Expose the yet greater Absurdities of this Model of *Divine Right*, so absolutely above the Power of any Human Limitations, we need no more than trace Hereditary Governments up to their Original. Here we find, that it has so pleas'd the great Dispenser, that all Nations whatever have had (more or less) their various Revelutions, insomuch, that the present Hereditary Monarchies, now in the World, have all their visible, some an elder, and some a more modern Rise and Foundation: When then, and where must this suppos'd Lineal Right commence? Not earlier than the first Royal Veins, from whence it Springs. For the chimerical Supposition of an Inherent Right of Monarchical Succession, antecedent to the Monarchy it self, is an express Contradiction to common Sense; even more ridiculous than the Existence of Form and Accidents, before Matter and Substance.

N O W as these Revolutions of Monarchy are generally the Acquisition of *Conquest*, all from the Human Arm of Power: For whether attain'd by a more easie or forcible Entry, with a voluntary Submission or compulsive Subjection of the People: Whether the new Lords are mounted into the Saddle by Foreign or Domestick Hands; 'tis much the same: All but the Work of Power. Here then, to give a little farther Light into the Merit of this Divine Right of Succession, we ought first to examine this Original Basis of it, *Conquest*; possibly a very muddy Fountain Head, how clear soever the descending Current from it may run, as being too often acquir'd by Invasion and Rapine, and all the irregular Violences of Ambition; nay, sometimes by downright Rebellion: However, whether supported by a just or unjust Cause; that's no Bar to its Title; 'tis sufficient its Reputation stands justified by *Success*, the Smiles of which, like those of the Sun, shine as well on the Unrighteous as the Righteous. If then a Crown'd Conquerour, though by trampling o'er all that's Sacred; perhaps, by the utter Abolition and Extinction of that undisputable Right, that possibly has been derived down through a long successive Reign of Ages to the former, now conquer'd, and for ever dispossess'd, Royal Veins; dismounted too, by no other Demerit or Forfeiture than the bare weakness of an Arm, and shortness of a Sword: If this Crown'd Conquerour, I say, tho' by the worst of all these Accessions to Empire, shall set up a new Right, ay, a

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Divine one too, convey'd down to his own Lineal Veins, and Establish'd by no less a Sanction than that of the *Universal Law of Nations*, and consequently Confirm'd and Recogniz'd by the whole Voice of the World; (for such is the Claim of *Conquest*) Shall then this sanguinary Foundation and Structure of Monarchy stand so upright in the Eyes of all Mankind? And, on the other side, shall not the unanimous and sedate Decrees of a whole Government, with infinitely more Honour and Justice, make that more innocent Breach into the Lineal Descent of Kings, not by dissolving, but only taking out a broken Link from the Chain of Succession, by setting aside an expectant Heir of a Crown, utterly unqualified for the Regal Administration.

IF Monarchy is a Fabrick all Built in a Day, which, though never so hastily or irregularly Rais'd, however must never admit of any Variation or Alteration, whilst the first Founders are supposed to stamp that sacred and inviolable Right of Succession, on the descendant Veins of Majesty, that the prophane Hands both of King and People, for succeeding Ages, must not dare to touch; What's all this but exalting one single Generation of Men up to a Conclave of Gods, issuing forth nothing less than Divine and Immutable Decrees; and at the same time debasing their descending Race beneath them, only to an inferiour Class of meer impotent Mortals, who upon the least Presumption of altering the Celestial Edicts of their Almighty Original (though under the most threatening Danger, and the most pressing Necessity of Self-Preservation) are immediately stigmatized with no less a Brand than that of down-right Rebellion; against the Godhead of their Great Grandfathers.

IN this fair Scrutiny into the Original of Monarchy, as much as the Handy-work of Human Power may contribute to its Creation, we would not be thought guilty of any Design of Disrobbing it of the smallest Native Plume, or least Assumption of Divinity, that either the Character or Right of Crown'd Heads can Challenge: We hope we shall not stand charged with Diminishing the least Ray that circles an Imperial Brow for only tracing it up to the Fount of Light from whence it Springs.

SOVERAINTY made its great Entry much like that of *Marriage*, both equally of *Divine Institution*; one, the Ordinance of GOD for the Peopling; and the other, for the Governing the World. And truly, whether we look up to the Sublimer Inauguration of the proudest Royal Hand, that espouses a Kingdom, or down to the poorest Rural, one that weds a Wife; still we shall find that the Bonds of *Sovereign* and *Subject*, like those of *Bridegroom* and *Bride*, have much the same Induction.

FOR whether the *King* or *Husband* (on the one side) Seals his solemn Vows and Oaths to *Maintain and Cherish*; or the *Subject* or *Wife*, on the other, to *Love, Honour and Obey*, still 'tis all but Human Inclination, Convenience and Interest that brings the kind Couple together; the previous grand Union of Hearts, the meer Dictates of Flesh and Blood: 'Tis the religious and sacred Knot that joyns the Hands, the *plighted Faith* only that gives the Sanction of *Divinity*. 'Tis thus the bending Knees and devoted Hearts
erect

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erect the Throne of Majesty, whilst the whole Glory of Kings from hence only receives its Consecration. And 'tis from hence the Crown'd Head is enstall'd the anointed Vicegerent of God. And as from this Introduction he holds by a Divine Tenure; so the Establish'd Heir, from the same Pre-engagement of our sworn Faith and Obedience, claims by a Divine Right of Inheritance; whilst the Universal *Vox Populi* (for that of King and People together is undeniably such) is the true *Vox Dei* that calls him the Rightful Successour to the Throne: And 'tis thus a *King never Dies*, whilst this Pre-contract of Allegiance, our publick Oaths of Fidelity to his Establish'd Succession, so confirms the descending Right, that the Ceremony of Coronation is little more than an Honorary piece of Formality.

The numerous Arguments on this Subject would swell too large for the narrow compass of a Preface; we shall therefore conclude, by making the Romish Pretenders of nearer Blood to the Crown, aggrieved by this *Act of Settlement*, even their own Judges, whether, with Right Reason, they can think themselves truly Injur'd by this Exclusion? By asking them, whether they don't believe, that any of the present Romish Hereditary Monarchies of *Europe*, (making the Parallel Case the same on their Side) supposing a Protestant Heir amongst them, equally animated by a Principle of *Divine Merit*, to trample all Human Obligations under Foot, and harden'd to the running all Hazards for the breaking down the whole Ramparts of their Religion and Liberties; would not make the same Provision for the Defence of their Altars, as we have done for ours, by the very same Exclusion.

Ay, and all that too so far from a Violation of the *Divine Right* of Lineal Descent, that undoubtedly their own great Oracle at *Rome*, the Voice of *Infallibility* itself, would, on the quite contrary, give the Cause on the Excluders side; nay, possibly be as hearty in his holy Fulminations against such a Successor's Accession to a Throne, as ever one of his famous Predecessors Pope *Pius Quintus* was, for dismounting a Queen *Elizabeth* from a Throne.

D

SUC.

S U C C E S S I O

M TRIAS Immensi suprâ cùm subdita Regni
 ÆTERNUM, aeterno cantûque genique colendum,
 Nec fessa, agnôrant; Infinitum, heu nimis arctum
 NUMINIS Imperium, geminato pondere Cæli

Liminibusque novis extendere, Diva Voluntas,
 Tanta scabellâ DEI, posuit fundamina Mundi.
 Sexta Dies en vidit opus; Vox sola laborem
 Hac fabra perfecit. Totum omnibus Esto dat esse.
 Sic Solem accendit, qui Lucis grandior Orbis,
 Et Terris Astrisque benignè accommodat ignes,
 Æterna LUCIS famulus, lumenq; ministrum.

Exstructum Omnipotens nunc Conditor Æthera vidit,
 Expansumque, Throni Confinia splendida, Mundum.
 Dumque ignita polus tot Lumina, milia, volvit;
 Centralemq; globum tam vaste Circulus ambit,
 Quò non resplendens operosi machina Cæli:
 Heu tamen iste Labor primorum quinq; dierum
 Uni tota patet sexto subservula moles.
 Numinis hic Prorex, HOMO, vindicat Astra polosque:
 Huic datur extensis, haud plus quam tegmine, Cælis,
 Infima subjectas calcare pedulia Terras.

Hæc Ditio, hic Dominus dam sic stetit, undiq; Imago
 Maxime, magna, Deus, tua jam diffusa per Orbem,
 Floruit Humani Generis divina Propago:
 Stemmata tot radice unâ deducta paternâ.

Dumq; binæ Natura Dominatio; tanta patefcant
 Humana sobolis patrimonia: Ceu vagus Ignis
 Ille Diem irradians; vel flamma minuta per umbras
 Scintillans; longo volvuntur Sidera cursû:
 Cum totâ Annorum Tempestatumque phalange
 Huic soli Præfecto inservitura rotantur.
 Gloria tanta Homini, tantâq; ab Origine nato,
 Musica Spherarum cui concinit alta Triumphum,
 Nil mirum est, elatum ANIMA cùm pectus anhelet.
 Huic datur examinis moles, Dominoq; ministrat,
 Quem MENS, quem RATIO, spirans divinius, inflat.

Cùm tam munificè dederat DEUS omnia, (verè
 Omnia, se dederat: Mens est cælestis Origo,
 Subjecta divusque Vicarius incola Terra)
 Dumq; Homo, Cura DEI, dilectum Nomen, Honores
 Tot tantisque refert, ornatq; hæc Gratia pectus;
 Humano ut quid adhuc Divinius emicet ore,
 Amplius hoc homini donavit Nomen, Obedi.
 Oh quid Obedire, hoc munus cælestius, affert?
 Quò Mens evehitur! Quid non Anima ambiat! Alitè
 Tam latèq; volat nimis expatiata Voluntas;
 Nil nisi Lex rapidas Regimenque coerceat alas:
 Harmonia hinc orta est, Ordoque, Ligamina Mundi.

The S U C C E S S I O N.

WHEN 'midst the Myriads of his Angel-Train,
The great IMMORTAL in his boundless Reign,
T'increase his Subjects and enlarge his Sway,
Foundations of new *Worlds* was pleas'd to lay;
His vast *Creation* Foot-stool fram'd beneath;
His six Days Work, the Labour of a Breath:
He lighted up the SUN, a menial Ray
To his Original Everlasting DAY.

Here the great ARCHITECT, all pleas'd look'd down
To see this beauteous Outwork to his Throne:
The whole expanded Pile adorn'd so bright,
With Thousands and Ten Thousand Orbs of Light.
With this vast Circle round the central Ball,
In that fair Mould the bright Creation cast;
Yet still his whole first five Days Labours, all,
Were only fram'd for Vassals to the last,
His own great Viceroy, Man; the Heav'ns no more
Then his high Roof, and Earth his humble Floor.
Such the Dominion, such the Regent Head,
Th' Almighty FOUNDER saw his Image spread;
A multiplying Race, the lovely Fruit,
All richly sprung from one Paternal Root.
Such the vast Sovereign Birthright of Mankind,
For Nature's Universal Lord design'd;
The Fires that gild the Day, and deck the Night,
With their whole Train of Seasons, Days and Years,
All their whole Hierarchy his ministring Light;
For him they dance their Round, and tune their Spheres.
Nor wonder MAN that native Glory claim'd,
He wore a SOUL: His Breast so richly stor'd;
Justly th' inanimate Creation fram'd
A Homager t' Imperial REASON's Lord.

The great DISPENSER when he thus decreed
For Man the whole great All (the All indeed!
The GOD himself he gave; all Heav'nly born
The Graces which the Human Breast adorn;)
What tho' so num'rous, and so large his Grants,
Man in a Tributary World he plants;
His Lordly Creature still new Grandeur wants.
For tho' thus born to this exalted Sway,
To make him Greater still, he must Obey.
Unbounded Will, Man's too expanded Mind,
The Fence of Laws and Government must bind.
Order and Harmony from Obedience sprung;
Obedience tun'd the Everlasting Song.

Plusquam Pierios Fontes DEVS hinc dedit Astris;
 Hinc Chorus Aternus, resonantia gaudia Cæli.
 Cælicolis quid Stella, Coronaque? Maxima Divum
 Gloria Obedire est: Hinc, Angele, sumis honorem.
 Utq; tuis, sursum REGIMEN divinius ortum,
 Cardinibus moveant, Orbis non conditus, ille
 Heu longum ante Orbes; Palatiaq; alta Columnis
 Plusquam Sydereis; (DEVS hic videt Astra Deorsum:)
 Grandius haud poterat Prudentia Diva, supernum
 Quam posuisse suum Exemplar, totaq; regendas
 Ex solo statuisse suo moderamine Terras——
 Si modò mandantem datur omnibus edere vocem,
 Nemine parenti mandatis—— Vana chimara!
 Nec foret Imperii Chaos hoc celestis Origo.
 Horrida deformes ubi prodit Anarchia vultus,
 Nil habet ista DEI, Effigies inversa DEORUM.
 Sic ergo ut Superis, ex hoc tutamine fulto,
 Decretum est, Suprema Potestas imperet Orbi;
 Quid si picta DEI sit forma minutior ore,
 Humano; ut Radio majore nitesceret Umbra,
 Archetypum excudit, toto de Numine, REGEM.
 Imò ita mundanum instituit moderamen ad instar
 Divini Solii: Nauarchusq; unicus adsit
 Clavo Regnorum: Caput Imperiale coruscat
 Cum tam grandis Honos; hinc Gentibus undiq; letis,
 Ludere sub Radiis datur, & dormire sub Umbrâ.
 Tanta dat Imperium: Quid non? Hinc omnia; ab illo
 Gloria, Paxque, Salusq; est Emanatio Fonte.
 Sub Duce Cælesti sic viderat Israel olim,
 Aequo Praesidio, Miro majore beatus,
 (En nubem te das LUX sempiterna; tuisq;
 Quid non das?) præ se progressum umbratile Numen.
 Dum Regimen, sacrum Caput illum, tanta coronant
 Lumina; Diva Salus, ut tota Creatio faustis
 Auspiciis late moveat, Terrisq; beandis,
 Divisum Scepbris dedit Imperialibus Orbem.
 Hinc si sint Gentes socianda; hinc fœdera Mundi;
 Euge, beata, tuum, dic quale, Britannia, Sceptum.
 Dic quam Astra regunt Borealia Sydera; Currum
 Quinam Auriga tenet; Vestri quæ Lora Bootæ?
 " Summa Coronarum LEX Gemma; à Lege ligante
 " Obsequii Vinculum; petit hinc munimina Virtus.
 " Lex propugnatrix Fideique, dolique flagellum,
 " Justitia lances tu das; tua, Sanctio furis.
 " Lex lux Natura: Ratio hinc Oracula pandit:
 " Hinc oritur socialis Amor, culturaq; Morum.
 " Barbariem lenire tuum est; pacare furorem.
 " Pectora si quid habent humana humanius, à te
 " Vidimus effrantes animos, rabiemq; domatos.
 " Panduntur portus? Distendunt carbasa venti?
 " Lege pererrati stant hospita limina Mundi.
 " A Lege Imperium; tua, Regni lora; deditq;

The whole bright Choir their duteous Homage pay;
Their Crowns of Stars but half their Beams display:
The high't Angelick Glory's to obey.

If GOVERNMENT's the Standart Rule above,
His own High'r Heav'ns on her blest Hinges move;
Heav'ns long before Creation work begun;
The Throne whence God looks down on Stars and Sun;
What nobler Frame cou'd the All-wise design,
Than that th' OEconomy below shou'd shine
A Copy from th' Original Divine!
All to Command, and be Obey'd by none,
Bears Contradiction in the Name alone:
Nor were that Sway a Copy from his own:
When *Anarchy's* wild Visage looks abroad,
'Tis not the Picture, but Reverse of GOD.
Thus then resolv'd to fix Commanding Pow'r,
Tho' Man his own fair Miniature before;
More near the Life his own great Draught to bring,
He moulded from the GOD, and stamp'd the KING.

Yes, here he model'd from his own high Reign.
One Pilot-hand must the great Helm sustain.
By that bright Hand protected Nations sway'd,
'Tis in his Beams they bask; sleep in his Shade.
Peace, Safety, Glory; our whole Blessings shine,
All Emanations from that Source Divine.
So th' Heav'nly Guide did wandring *Israel* bless,
(Alike the Guardians, tho' the Wonder less.)
By Day their screening Umbrage; and by Night
Their tutelary Pillar's Leading Light.

As *Government* does these bright Beams disperse;
The spacious Round of the wide Universe,
All Canton'd out into *Imperial* Hands,
Society on this Foundation stands;
Britannia, say, With what Auspicious Reign
Dost thou thy Sovereign Orb of Pow'r sustain;
What smiling Aspects drive thy *Northern Wain*?

" LAW, the Crown's fairest Gem; Obedience
" Securest Cement; Virtue's best Defence;
" Truth's Champion; Falshood's Scourge; Charter of Right;
" Great Reason's Oracle, and Nature's Light:
" Hence Manners, and all mutual Ties were fram'd,
" Barbarity civiliz'd, and ev'n the Savage tam'd,
" By this Reforming Pow'r all kept in awe,
" Humanity's first Great Refiner, Law.
" Are the Ports open, are the Sails unfurl'd?
" Law paves the Paths round th' Hospitable World.
" Wise Empire by her Reins can only draw,
" The Second to the great FIRST MOVER, Law.

E

" Thus

" Ipse DEVS Primum se Mobile, iæque Secundum.
 " Delicia, Decus, & Tutela, hæc incola muris
 " Esto tuis: En Forma venusta, venustior Ortus;
 " Luxurians non stemma Throni; non Embryo raptim
 " Prægnanti Ambitui: Tua diva Creatio sola est:
 " Hic Populus fundat Legem, Plebèsq; Britannia
 " Regia sancire est, sancita subdita Legi.
 " Ex his fausta bonis Geniis, hinc protegis Arva,
 " Protegis hinc Aras. Ter sælix Anglia, cui sint
 " Unio, Libertas, Jus, tot tantq; Penates.
 " Imperii auratas has detur stare Columnas;
 " Cum tibi fabra manus, tua vincla Monilia fiant.
 Hic Honor, utq; hæc sint Munimina, Terra beata,
 Quid desit votis; ultràq; quid amplius optes!
 Imò licet radiata tuo Lex Orbe refulget,
 Altius elata est tibi Gloria. Quid tibi Pactum
 Servitii IMPERIIQUE, basis tua maxima? Non hæc
 Omne dat optandum. Siquando lumine laeso,
 Prospectu horrendo videas non amplius Ora
 Divina, erasum Numen, Caput insuper Auri,
 Ex ferrèq; lutèq; pedes; heu vilis istud,
 Heu valde indignum sceptris, et Honoribus impar;
 Tunc tibi tu Fidei Defensor, cauta timore
 * Magnanimo, Regemq; vocas, justèq; Coronâ
 Divinum Caput, & Pectus Divinius, ornas.
 Cælestis certè Inflatu Prudentia tanta est,
 Aequa Potestatum cautè Libramina pensas.
 Hac donata manû Regnorum Insignia Magnus
 Sumpserat AVRIACUS: Naturæ ab origine, prima
 Lex, Sibi-præsidium, donat tua dextra Coronas.
 Quid non posse tibi? Tua, Sceptra; tua, Omnia; & Omne es.
 Anglia, sic ubi tē pacemq; pericla minantur,
 Ille innatus Honos, animans tua pectora, fervet;
 Ut vincla exhorrens, tu, dedignata pusille
 Elanguere, caput robustior erigis altum,
 Quàm poni jugâ posse; superbior, ora capistro
 Quàm tua porrigeres: Hinc stas munita, tuq;
 Discis obumbrati dispellere Nubila Phœbi.
 HANOVERANA tuæ sic orta est GLORIA Terra.
 Vrania, eugè, novem ditissima forma Sororum,
 Solum tanta tuum sit opus celebrare Trophæa.
 HANOVERI (si posse) Aquilæ volet æmula Musa:
 Sit via in Excelsis tentanda. Ah Apolline divum
 Afflatum implores, inspirandumq; Poema:
 Quid Musa? Hoc cantu Musæ DEUS ipse laboret:
 Exerat hic totum radiatum Numen Apollo.
 Qua, nisi voce tuâ resonent, Sapientia diva,
 (Te spirante, tua est Electio) gaudia tanta?
 Quid nisi, ab hac Arâ, Mens, plusquam Delpica, tota

Auspi-

* Non improprie. Timida ad visum periculorum; magnanima repellendis.

Eusebia Triumphans.

19

" This beauteous *Tatelar*, with all her Charms,
" Lodg'd in thy Walls, *Britannia*, in thy Arms;
" No wild Luxuriant Offspring of the Throne;
" Her whole Divine Creation's all thy own.
" Thy *Pop'lar Hands* found thy Imperial Sway,
" *Lords* to make Laws, and *Subjects* to Obey.
" Oh blissful Region, Union's Native Soil,
" Where Liberty and Right so radiant Smile;
" When Empire on such Golden Pillars stands,
" The Bonds are Bracelets tyed by our own Hands.

Happy *Britannia*, such thy State of Bliss,
What hast thou more to ask, or more to wish?
Yes, though thy Orb Law's dazzling Beauties fill,
To thy bright Sphere thou add'st new Lustre still.
Tho' on this Basis does thy Greatness stand,
This Compact of *Obedience* and *Command*;
Yet when with wise Foresight thou dost behold
Thy dang'rous too hardfated Heads of Gold,
Not always stamp'd in the Celestial Mould,
Debas'd to sordid Feet of Iron and Clay,
Too coarse allay'd for thy Imperial Sway;
Justly thy Sovereign Helm's defensive Fear
Calls o'er more bright Divinity to steer.

Such thy Prudentials, sure Inspir'd by Heav'n,
Thou wisely set'st dread Power's Libration even.
Such the bright Entry of thy great *NASSAU*!
Self-preservation, Nature's Origin Law,
Thine the great Hand does the wreath'd Brow Enstall;
Thou givest Crowns, all Things: Dost all, and art all.

Thus, fair *Britannia*, when thy Dangers threat,
So sprightly does thy Pulse of Honour beat;
Disdaining servilely to shrink or droop;
Too strong to shake, and much too brave to stoop,
Made by that great *protecting Maxim* wise,
So taught to clear thy Air, uncloud thy Skies;
Thy Darling *HANOVER*'s new GLORIES rise.

Here, fair *Urania*, Heav'nliest of the Nine,
The Song of this Day's Triumph only thine;
With that true Flight let thy wing'd Raptures tour;
If possible, high as his *Eagles* soar.
Invoke *Apollo's* best inspiring Beam,
The *Muses* GOD, t' assist this Mighty Theme;
A glorious Theme of that sublime Desert,
As ev'n his own whole Godhead might exert.
What less than *Wisdom's* Deity's own Voice
To chant this Royal wisest *Albion* Choice?
What less than his own Delphick brightest Ray,
Th' Oraculous Propheticks to display

*Auspicia enarret, serisq; nepotibus auram
Anglorum semper roseam; hinc data munera Cæli?
Antè tamen tua te sublimior evehat ala,
Grandius ut Cantus sacri illustrentur Honores,
Jani luce retrò per secula respice longa:
Heroum Anglorum celeberrima Facta canantur:
Hinc tibi, Musa, petas, Helicon; hinc carmina digna:
Magnis præteritis majus Præsensq; reponas
Cantandum. Pensat quæ comparat. Hinc tibi pennâ
Depicti HANOVERI fulgentem perfice Famam.*

*Dic quàm fragrabant Connubia sacra Rosarum.
Quid non Eboracum, quid non Lancastria debes
His Thalamis?—Detoranda petant Diademata Gangem
Pactolo addendum, Solisq; ornare metallum
Lucidulum, referant pondus fulgentius Auro.
Floribus, Albionis plusquam gemmata Corona est.
Quantam, Henrice, manû tenuisti, septime, palmam!
Antiquæ Vates sileat miracula Virga.*

*Germinat hoc Sceptrum mansura pacis Olivam:
Insula tota sub his ridet sælicibus Astris.
Furgia cuncta silent: Non ultrà terra fluento
Purpureo erubuit: Non barbara mænia Regum:
Nunc procul Ensis abest: Nunc concertata Potestas,
Ista Orbis longum turbatrix, exul ab oris.
Dormit in æternum tutè. Hinc DEUS otia fecit,
Regia cum Ramo duplex Rosa pendeat uno:
Hinc habet undè mori Bellumq; & semina Belli,
Si quando Ambitio plenè satiata recumbit.*

*Musa STUARTORUM nunc pervolet altius Orbem
Anglorum PRIMI. Jam grandius aspice Sceptrum,
Bisq; Coronatum Caput; enumerèsq; Britannis
Pacificum Sydus quæ fausta hoc contulit Astra.*

*Unitis quæ fama Rosis? Rosa, Carduus, uno
Stemmata nunc florent. Henrici Gloria solum
Regales unire Domos; sed Regna, Jacobi.
Albion, & quondam divisa Albania, longum
Hinc radius mulset fastidia; pectora dura
Mollis Amorq; inflans Sponsalia Regia fecit.
Virgineumq; duplex nunc Magna Britannia nomen
Abstulit. Hinc Limes, Confinia, turgida quondam
Nomina, mitescunt; dum quas Natura ligavit,
Junxerit Imperium sociali fœdere Terras,
Thamesis ad Thetin & Tweda illabuntur eandem;
Amplexuq; petunt commune cubile marinum.
Agnorunt unum Neptunum: Sub Jovis uno
Unius Imperio nunc subdita Flumina currunt.
Anglica Progenies, vel nondum nata, Triumphos
Hos longum recinet. Latet hinc gaudia sæclis:
Tot, tanta, Imperio Sator ille Bohemius affert.*

*Magna retrò hæc recitas, sed nondum Maxima; Musa
Prospice, prælustres si vis cantare Triumphos.*

Of those descendant Blessings, fix'd by Fate,
Which shall on his auspicious Scepter wait?

But e'er my *Muse* th' Heroick Sally makes,
T' illustrate the great Theme she undertakes,
A transient *Janus* View first let her cast
Back through *Britannia's* proudest Glories past:
From the Great *Past*, the Greater *Present* View.
To blazon *HANOVER's* bright *Lustre* through,
And set true Blessings at a Light more fair;
The noblest Test of Worth is to compare.

Say then what Sweets did that Rich Bed disclose,
That joyn'd the *York* and the *Lancastrian ROSE*?
Let the gay Crown, with Orient Jewels drest,
Strip the whole sparkling Glories of the *East*:
T' adorn the brighter *Albion Diadem*,
The twining *Flow'rs* were here the Noblest Gem.
When th' *Albion* Scepter in *Seventh HENRY's* Hand,
So all Divinely Bloom'd like *Aaron's Wand*,
With what Propitious universal Smile
Did that blest Union cheer our happy Isle!
The Land no more with streaming Crimson blusht:
No more the Sword contesting Empire drew;
That great Disturber of the World lay hush'd,
Whilst on one Stem the *Royal Roses* grew.
Discord and War ev'n their whole Seeds must cease,
When satisfy'd Ambition's lull'd to Peace.

From these twin *Roses* mount my *Muse* yet high'r,
Up to the Great *FIRST JAMES* his Orb aspire.
From an Imperial Head here doubly Crown'd,
Recount the vaster Hoard of Blessings found
In *JAMES* his wider all Pacifick Round.

HENRY's less Union a less Glory claims,
He but joyn'd Families; but whole Kingdoms *JAMES*.
A too cold Distance, and too coy a Pride
Did th' *Albion* and *Albania* once divide;
Till by a Warmth from his bright Beams convey'd,
His generous Hand the *Royal Spousals* made.
Those Maiden Titles from this Knot could boast
Almost their Names in *Great Britannia* lost.
Borders and Barriers sounds even heard no more,
Now Empire ty'd what Nature joyn'd before.
The *Thames* and *Tweed* their common Tribute pay,
Both in one watry Bed, mixt in one Sea;
They own'd one *Neptune*; now one *JOVE* obey.
What Ayres did the all charm'd *Britannia* sing,
With her blest Joys beneath so warm a Wing;
All this the Great *BOHEMIAN SIRE* could bring.

Tho' thy exalted Wing, my *Muse*, thus stretcht,
Thou hast not yet the Height of Glory reacht.

Obfirmare Thronos, vel dilatare, JACOBI
 HENRICIQUE Labor minor iste, minutaq; fama.
 Quid geminare Rosas; quantumvè extendere Regna?
 Inferius mundanum opus, hoc, terrenaque cura.
 Est opus HANOVERO Divinius: Anglia, tèque
 Ad Majora vocat; non solum Sceptra, sed Aras,
 Irradiare tuum est; Datar hinc ditescere Calos.
 VERI Immortalis cælesti fortius orbe
 Firmatum Imperium, cum sit tibi cura tuendi;
 Quantula tè juxta Proavorum Gloria? Dextris
 Solum concessa est Regalibus hisce potestas
 Adderdi Gemmas: Oh Tu sublimior Atlas,
 Grandius ecce tuum. Tibi sit stellare Coronas.

Latantes lustrare Orbes, pia debita Cælis,
 Gaudiq; Angliacas late diffusa per Aras;
 Cantus hinc omnes percarrere, Musa, Britannos,
 A clangore Tuba tenue ad modulamen Avena;
 Circuitu primo sacros en pervaga Campos
 Castalios. Non nunc Bifrontem, perspice Binum
 Pernaßum Albionis, duplex ubi fonte perenni
 Oxoniique Helicon, Almæ Matrisque scaturit:
 Inter Apollineos ex hâc regione Triumphos,
 Dum, venturorum Saclorum præscia, cernit
 HANOVERANA Spei fundamina tanta Britannæ
 Anglia; & Auspiciis effundit Vota Precèsque:
 Oxonium, dic, quanta Choros tibi gaudia replent.
 Non ultra spoliatus Ager; non nubilus Aer.
 Gloria abinde, Salus, Fulcrum, Decus—En Caput altum
 Hic Bodlæanum prostratum! Humilem ecce superbit
 HANOVERI pedibus turritam flectere frontem.

Magdalena, tuis sospes nunc incola muris
 Non ultra luctû nitidos turbabit ocellos.
 Dumq; lavat muros, & opimas undiq; ripas
 Isidis & Thami crystallina perluit unda;
 Lymphis nunc longum sanis, & fonte sereno,
 Non immixta tuas Tiberina aqua polluet Urnas.
 Æternum tutâ, fausto Regnòq; posita,
 Eusebiæ tibi casta Cohors (pia turma Dianæ
 Illius Angliaca) dum balnea sacra pudicis
 Expetat à Lymphis, & amans luset agris,
 Hic tenet Halcyonis Nidum, sedemq; quietam.

A bino Angliacæ pacato hoc fonte Minervæ,
 Hinc ab Honore TOGÆ, Cæliq; Artèsq; peritis,
 His Fidei Orac'lis, immortalisq; Corona
 Militibus; nunc Musa Stolæ perlustret Honorem.
 CÆSARIS Heroas, Jurisque Oracula viset;
 Perdoctosq; tuos, Astrea, perambulet Orbes.
 A Terris exul tu quondam ad Sydera Virgo,
 Nunc Astrea redux, tutè instaurata recumbis
 Angliaco folio; Solium NASSOVIVS HEROS
 Conditor infractum renovavit; Faustior ANNA

Augètq;

To secure Empire, or enlarge a Throne,
Was *JAMES* and *HENRY*'s fam'd great Work alone.
Th' United Kingdoms, or twinn'd Roses, here,
Were but the Business of the World's low'er Sphere.
Great *HANOVER*, with Glory more Divine,
Call'd e'ven t' enrich high Heav'n, make Altars shine,
Shine t' endless Worlds; a Work beyond the Pow'r
Of all the shorter Champion-Arms before.
To fix Immortal *TRUTH*'s celestial Sway,
In her full Orb of never-setting Day;
Such th' *HANOVER*'s Sublimar *Atlas* Weight,
His humbler Ancestors reacht not this Height.
Their fainter Lustre cou'd but add a *Gemm*:
His Call to Empire *Stars* the Diadem.

Here cou'd the *Muse* survey the Numerous Choirs,
Which this great Theme with various Aires inspires;
(The Musick diff'rent but the Joys agreed,)
From the Court *Trumpet* down to th' humble Cottage *Reed*:
To trace 'em through their whole vast *British* Round;
Take thy first View from *Learning*'s hallow'd Ground.
Say then from *Literatur*'s twin *Albion* Fount,

Oxon, and *Alma Mater*'s *Helicon*-Springs,
How high th' *Apollinary* Raptures mount,

To chant the Joys this blest *SUCCESSION* brings.
When *Britain* full of her best Pray'rs and Vows,
Source of our Hopes, to that great Head she bows,
Secure thy Glebe, and all Serene thy Air,
Oh say, fair *Oxon*, what's thy Homage there.
Thy whole Great *Booley* in his Train attends,
To *HANOVER* his row'ry Forehead bends.

Thy once sad *Magdalene*, now past all Fears,
No more her beauteous Eyes shall drown in Tears.
With thy fair *Thame* and *Isis* by thy side,
By thy rich Banks does their clear *Crystal* glide,
Safe from their Urns the Native Currents pour;
No *Tybur* mixture shall thy Waters sow'r.
Thy great *Eusebian* chaste *Diana* Train,
Bath'd in thy Streams, or wandring o'er thy Plain,
All undisturb'd secure their *Halcyon* Reign.

From the cheer'd Hearts, and all the smiling Eyes
In *Albion*'s Two Great *Science* Nurseries:
From those Learn'd Heads, the Honour of the *Gown*,
Faith-Guardians, Champions of th' immortal Crown,
To *CÆSAR*'s Champions next, Guardians of *Right*;
T' *Astrea*'s Learned Sphere take thy wing'd Flight:
Astrea's Sphere indeed. No longer driven
The exil Maid to a protecting Heav'n,
Safe to her *Albion* Throne may now retreat:
The kind *NASSAU* rebuilt her falling Seat.

Augètq; & decorat: Firmatq; in sæcula solus
HANOVER: *Aternè Basis hinc immota manebit.*

*Nunc tam secura peragrant tua mænia Leges;
 Mellea Jura fluunt nunquàm stagnante meatu.
 Non ultra Judex, mandante Tyrannide, (raucâ
 Voce) venenatos nunc imbibit aure susurros:
 Non ultra fuscant tam nigra Scabella Tribunal,
 Prægrandi pretio non nunc sic vilis emptum:
 Pro pelle agnâ non conscia pectora vendi.
 Anglia corruptum timeat non amplius Æquum.
 Ipse susurrus abest. Ex hoc oritura periclo,
 (Hæc quantum poterit **SUCCESSIO**) tota timoris
 Umbra evanescit. Nec Roma, venena, nec auris.
 Aere nunc Aulæ volites, mea Musa; Serenos
 Hic vultus, almam pacem, circumflua muris
 Gaudia, conspicias. Cum Vox Populique Deique
 Advocat **HANOVERUM**, quantum Aula mænia clangunt.
 Non hic fumatus nunc subterraneus olim
 Vulcanus, fabricans Romana Incendia, Luce
 Guidonæ * infernos laternæ suscitât ignes. * Guido Faux.
 Obsequio larvata genu non Curia ficto,
 Flectit, & anâ odit: Majestatiq; protervæ
 Non nunc Magnatum prænobilis Histrio-turma
 Abjectè inservit, simulatq; Pompa Thronorum.
 Ecce Periscelides, non nunc, stellatus Honosque,
 Vilis Ignati pecus, hoc dominantius agmen
 A tergo sequitur: Totam abluet **HANOVER** istam
 Aternè a Solio pestemq; lûemq; Britanno.
 Illius a grato exhalata, Britannia, Sceptro,
 Consilia Imperii studia in contraria scindi
 Nunc tua non poterunt; tollentq; Palatia turres
 Non ultra invisas humili lare. Factio, murmur,
 Totè evanescunt: Concentû unita beato,
 Regiâq; & tua nunc popularia prospice vota.
 Aulicus, & Patriæ pater, hæc discordia quondam
 Nomina, conciliata, perenni pace fruentur.*

*Gaudia nunc toto promiscua ab ore Britanno,
 Gaudia non torvæ quassanda Tyrannidis astû,
 Nec delenda Ævis; hæc gaudia concine, Mula.
 Nullus, abhinc Phaeton; non nunc mente ille superne
 Captus, toto errans Calòq; libidine raptus
 Effræni, renovare horrenda incendia Mundo,
 Ambiet Imperium— Nunc, Anglia, Pallade totâ
 Stas munita; tui Currûs Defensor ab istis
 Aurigu, Regni Solares fortis habenas
 Abnegat his Dextris, vigil atq; armata Minerva.
 Insula ter felix, plaga tuta sub aere sano
 Tempericq; poli, tu verè habitabilis Orbis,*

By *ANNE* rais'd higher yet, it safely stands,
Deckt with new Gemms, new Luster, from Her Hands.
To fix for ever Her unshaken Throne,
That Work's reserv'd for *HANOVER* alone.

Yes, so securely fixt! Damm'd up no more,
Law's sacred Fount her balmy Streams shall pour.
No more the *Long Robe's* Price so high enhanc'd;
Judges first Closeted, and then advanc'd.
No too high-priz'd Tribunal-Seat to hold,
To buy a Lamb-skin, a whole Conscience sold.
Albion no more corrupted Justice fears:
This blest SUCCESSION that Contagion clears;
No *Rome* to whisper; and no poyson'd Ears:

Take thy next Flight, my *Muse*, in the *Court Air*:
View th' Health, Peace, Joy, all smiling Aspects there:
When to her Throne her *HANOVER* she calls,
All Eyes look gay within the *Royal Walls*.
Yes, 'tis the beauteous Region of Delight:
Rome's sooty Chymists here no more shall fright,
Nor blow their Coals by *Guido's* Lanthorn Light.
No more shall servile Courts cringe where they hate;
No more the Noblest Veins ignobly wait,
Forc'd to fill up the Hypocrite Pomp of State.
Our *Stars* and *Garters* shall no longer now
T' *Ignatian* Vermin, Lordlier Minions, bow.
Great *HANOVER*, his very Name alone,
For ever sweeps those Locusts from the Throne.
Cheer'd by his Reign thy Harmony of Pow'r,
Britannia, now shall be untun'd no more.
Thy Peace no more divided Factions bar:
Ev'n *Court* and *Country*, Sounds too oft at jar,
Shall here that reconciling Union find;
Courtiers and *Patriots* Names for ever joyn'd.
Th' unenvying Cot shall now with smiling Eyes
Look up to see the *Tow'ry* Pallace Rise.
Sovereign and *Subject* now one Will shall bound,
One Soul of Empire move the whole vast Round;
This Head ev'n its own Guardian-Angel Crown'd.

Now, pleas'd *Britannia*, what's thy General Joy;
Joys, which no louring Pow'r shall e'er destroy?
No more shall Bigot *Phaetons* Aspire,
Those rapid Drivers set thy World o' fire.
Wisely, *Britannia*, with that Care and Pains
From those mad Hands thou barr'st thy *Chariot* Reins.
Thy Orb of Light in its bright Race above
A steddier unerring Course shall move.
With this Foundation of thy Regal Throne,
Thus fixt, blest Isle, in thy true Temp'rate Zone,

HANOVERUM *Angliacis Loris spes faustior optas.*
Exoriente tuis hoc divo Lumine Scepbris,
Exurget latis Terrisq; & ostantibus Astris,
Hinc Radius calidus, non uesto torridus Orbi.

HANOVERI *Introitu longum Roma exulat; ipsa*
Romana eradet divum vestigia Sceptrum.
Ultima spes evanescit, cursuq; peracto,
Tota Veneficia aternè finita laescunt.

Sic olim simulata DEOS Oracula, quorum
Inferno solum inflatù vox edita, Magni
HEBRÆI *ad PARTUS orientia Lumina Mundo,*
In sempiternum damnata silentiaque, alto
Et capita abdiderant horrenda in Erynnidis Antro.

En ubi pacificus de Cælis ille JACOBUS
Prospicit, huic Dextra dandis benedicere Scepbris.
Heu meminisse libet, totam cum prescius ore
Divino illapsam Stirpem execrante, STUARTE,
Væ tibi Progenies, dixit, perdenda, protervas
Incantamentis Romæ qui porrigis aures.
Dixit & effecit: Stetit irrevotabile Dictum.

FIAT *ita Omnipotens Verbum Factumq; locutum est.*
Oh nimis Oraculum! Fatum intonat ore vovente.
Nuper enim ex alto vidit (suspiria si sint
In Cælis halanda, immixtaque lacrima turbet
Gaudia in Excelsis;) vultuq; madente, paterno
Ingemituque, alti Capitis ter flebile fatum.
Naufraga Sceptra, Sacra Majestatisque Ruinas;
Illius heu nimium profugæ; hic Exulis: Unum
Contulit exilium Populi furor impius olim:
(Comprime labra stupor!) Regis furor ille secundum:
Perdita quid si sit; quodq; addere Musa tremiscit,
(Tam durum ingratum repeti) sit perdita justè;
Et justa hic lacrima est: Rapitur cum Gloria Regum
Ultrò præcipitanda, et diris obruit umbris
Sic peritura caput; tantas plorare ruinas
Heu quid non debet Pietas? Pietatis eodem
Ex fonte hic oculus hac debita solvit in Astris.
Iustitia, oh verè divina, ulcisceris, unà
Et misereris: Ea est animis cælestibus Ira.

Tristius hoc retrò cum mente revolverat altâ,
Perlata Auspicium fælicius attrahit ora.

Conditor Unitæ Gentis, nunc, Insula fælix,
Te videt, oh charum quondam tutamen; ovansq;
Ad sua tendit Amor. Sacriora hic stemmata cernit.
En ubi Mens sana, & longevè strenua Virtus,
Hæc sibi BOJEMAS animant vitalia VENAS.

Hæ non delirant: Non ægri Somnia turbant
Pectora; vesanae procul hinc contagia Romæ.
VERUM, *cæleste, Oh VERUM, tu cui ferè Nomen*
Datq; DEO Titulum, Solium fundatq; supernum,
Gloria præclaras has fulgentissima Frontes
Ex sempiternis Lucis tibi Fontibus ornat.

To this fair **SUN** thy smiling Aspect turn.
The Rising **HANOVER** shall warm, not burn.

Nay *Rome's* whole Hopes now so entirely fail,
That **HANOVER** ev'n cuts off their Entail.
Her Machinations and her Witchcrafts done,
The Sorceries have their whole Circle run.
So the World's once fam'd *Oracles* of old
All by Infernal Inspirations told,
Doom'd t' endless Silence, hid their Heads in Earth,
At the bright Dawn of the Great **HEBREW BIRTH**.

Albion's First **JAMES** sure from his Heav'n look'd down,
To bless this fair Donation of a Crown.
Well he remembers with what Breath Divine
He Curst his whole Apostatizing Line.
"Beware the **STUART** Ear that shou'd presume
"To hear th' enchanting Sorceries of *Rome*!
The Seals of Destiny the Doom await.
So the Great **FIAT** spoke, and spoke with Fate.
Orac'lous was the Voice; for Oh, he saw
Th' Effects of the entail'd *Anathema*.
Ev'n with a Sigh (if Sighs can breathe above,
And a Tear fall amidst Eternal Joy,)
With melting Eyes from true Paternal Love,
He saw the lost late falling *Majesty*:
Miserie's hard Lesson too severely Taught,
Twice doom'd to taste of Exiles bitter Draught;
By his Misfortune first, and last his Fau't.
The Fall so Great——And if the Muse is bound
To those hard Laws, to breathe th' ungrateful sound,
And say, The Fall so Just;—as just are all
The trickling Sorrows which lament that Fall.
The duteous Tears from genuine Fountains flow,
To see declining Glory sink so low.
What do's not Piety owe t' a Crown'd Head?
From this Celestial Eye the Tear's thus shed:
When Heavenly Minds th' avenging Stroke pursue,
Their *Justice* Punishes, but *Pities* too.

From this too sad Remembrance, with a Smile
On his once Royal Charge this happy *Ile*,
All Charm'd he sees in his **BOHEMIAN VEINS**
All *Health*, and ever vigorous *Virtue* Reigns.
No sickly Taint can find an Entrance there,
No va'prous Damp from *Rome's* infectious Air.
TRUTH, all Celestial **TRUTH**, whose Name alone
Gives **GOD** a Title, and ev'n founds his Throne,
Shines in those Veins so all serenely Bright,
The purest Stream from her great Fount of Light.

*Dum iusta HANOVERI recitas præconia, totam
Perfice, Musa, operam: Cane grandia Munera Cæli
Quæ tulerit gratis hic dilectissimus Astris.
Hinc illucescant angustâ à Dote minorum
Fortune parca Hæredum; Minus ecce beatos,
Heu ultra Cineres haud plus quàm Nomina Reges.*

*Quid tibi contulerint tanti, GULIELME, Labores?
Terminat Illustres Vita brevis orbis Honores,
Quantula parsq; tui, cineri, nisi Fama, supersit!
Immortale tuum totum dabit unica Fama.*

*Delicia, Gulielme, Throni Thalamiq; MARIA,
Non solum Angliacæ Terræ, sed Gloria quondam
Cælorum Albionis; Sydus boreale, MARIA,
Plusquam Constellata Anima, & Mens plena polorum.
Tam radians Pietas, Reginaque Divaque; nondum
Translata, Angelicæ certè pars maxima Turmæ.
Pectus ut hoc mirum struxerunt Numina, Terris
Ob nimium pralustre, superni dignius Orbis;
Divæque Thesaurum manus hunc cumulârat Honorum,
Virtutum, Decorum; (tantam quid condere gazam!)
Præmia contulerâtq; tot arridentia gratis
A Cælis Animo cælesti, heu parca negavit
Hoc solum, cumulo ridentem huic addere Prolem.*

*Junior ANNA Soror, dignè pia ELIZA secunda;
Divinum en divina sequens, Reginq; Regi
Non impar. Quid si NASSOVIVS extitit Anglus
Mavors in Campis; Bellona est ANNA Britannis
Consiliis: Armata Thronum conscendit; & Hastâ
Et Clypeo, (his ANNÆ Sceptris,) innixa, Britannum
Martia DIVA sedet; Propugnatrixq; Salutis,
Ararum, Legum, Libertatumque; Penatum
Anglorum custos fidiissima, Regia circum
Lumina convolvit; (non dormit Jupiter Astris,
Nec Terris Vindicta!) paratq; vincula collo
Europæ spectans; Astus Gallicq; Fidemq;
Horrens; (hinc illa lacrima, monumenta Laborum
Hinc tua, Galle; sub his vexillis vincere discis.
Arma minus, jurata Fides perterruit Orbem.)
Illa opus hoc verè Herculeum renovare, & hiantem
Sternere Lernæam, galeata en contrahit ora;
Irisq; exardens, ANIMAM spiransq; Britannam,
Plena Dex, tota ANNA assurgit; ab Orbe tonante
Fulmina demittens torquenda à Marte Ministro;
Angligenâq; marina Lares tua Numina, tèque,
Neptune, ad sua bella vocans, propriumq; per Equor
A formidandis rutilante Tridentibus Undâ,
Lata laboranti vigilat succurrere Mundo.*

Now *HANOVER* to thy great Name to pay
One just Debt more, here let the *Muse* essay
To Ballance thy sublimer Portion giv'n,
Above the other Favourites of Heav'n:
Worthies less blest, who when Fate strips the Plume,
Leave their small Reliques pent to that short Room,
High Veins scarce more then Names beyond the Tomb.

Britannia's great *NASSAU* his *Glories* Date
A narrow Lease of Life must terminate.
His own rich Thred of Gold was all his Claim:
His Immortality lies all in *Fame*.

And Oh the beauteous Partner of his Throne,
MARIA, once not *Albion's* *World* alone,
All the whole *Albion* *Heaven's* once Leading Light;
Religion, Piety, so dazzling bright;
The *QUEEN*, the *SAINT*, a Breast so all refin'd,
Sure ev'n below in that Seraphick Mind,
Yet untranslated the whole *Angel* shin'd.
When Providence had such Perfection view'd
Of Heav'n so worthy, and for Earth too good;
Profusely kind, had heap'd so vast a Mass
Of every shining Virtue, smiling Grace;
She stopt her Giving Hand, and wou'd not throw
To the rich Pile the smiling *Mother* too.

Second *ELIZA*, *ANNE*, by Heav'n decreed,
The *Heroine* the *Hero* to succeed:
In *Fame* not rivall'd, nor outvy'd by Kings,
All her whole *Predecessor's* *GLORY* brings.
What tho' in Camps and Fields we wondring saw
The Guardian *Mars* of *Britain*, Great *NASSAU*.
ANNE, no less *Europe's* Champion, all Divine,
Resolves her Throne shall her Pavilion shine,
In *Albion's* *Counsels* the *Bellona* Reigns:
There the Great *ANNE* her Martial Helm sustains:
Mounts Arm'd to Empire, and in *Britain's* Cause,
Preserver of her Altars, Freedom, Laws;
Her watchful Eye her Royal Charge to keep
Looks round; (nor *Jove* nor *Jove's* *Lieutenants* sleep:)
From hence surveying the black hamm'ring Hands,
The Forge prepar'd for *Europe's* servile Bands,
Rowz'd with a blush at *Gaul's* insulting Pride,
And more loath'd *Faith*, a Faith too amply try'd;
The long aspiring *Hydra* to Subdue,
Resolves th' *Herculean* Labour to Renew.
With all that glowing Frown, and generous Scorn,
All her own Innate Fires, true *ENGLISH-BORN*,
From her high Orb of *Thunder* she commands
Her Menial *Mars*, and ministring *Neptune's* Hands;
Her Bolts by their Commission'd Vengeance hurl'd,
All pleas'd, the Sword unsheath'd, and Sails unfurl'd,
To Succour the Distresses of a World.

Grandior Astrorum cura est hac Vita, beando
Imperio longum Diis conservata. Tuentur
Numina, Regna colunt; & si stabilita Thronorum
Sit basis à precibus, precibus Thronus ipse polorum
Appetitur; fumant Altaria, cordaq; flagrant.
Molis aromatica tanto sub pondere sacris
Ingemit Ara focus, dum sic pia piramis ardet,
Sic holocausta nitent, ut dent nova Lumina Caelis:
Non desunt votumq; genuque: Hac vendicat ANNA.

ANNÆ tanta dedit Cælum; plus abstulit ANNÆ.
Illa etenim quantum fausta atq; infausta, sub uno
Tecto Regali vixit vidisse suprema
Infimq; (oh Celi ludibria!) fata revolvit.
Nuper enim Matris fœlicis Brachia, Pectus,
Amplexus, Oculos, Genialia quanta repleverunt
Gaudia! (Magna venit tardo pede, sed fugit alis
GLORIA) Delicias Ævi, Votumq; Britannum,
Vidit, et heu solum vidit: (Brevis oh nimis Ætas
Immodicis) Quanta spe decidit! Ecce Ruinas
Lugendas, jactas tot opes, tantisque dolores!
Regiaq; en sola est Niobe spoliata superstes.

Hic siste—Infandum renovare oh desine Musa:
Flenda sile; plaudenda cane; Illustrisq; SOPHIÆ
Elige perpetuis memoranda Trophæa Camænis.
Quid Dii non dederint? Sudant Caeli, Astra laborant
Dilectam Superis hanc indefessa beare.
Hac Annis dives, SOBOLE hac ditissima, Prolem
A sese divam, MAJESTATEMQUE perennem
Exortam, ter fausta videt. Videt Anglia sæclis
Non extinguendum sibi LUMEN. Gloria Venis
His oriunda sacri Imperii retinebit habenas,
Non rescindendas, antè ille Platonius Orbis
Finiat excursus; nec Lora diutius Æthon
Lassatus radiata trahat; Phœbusque ruentis
Occidat à Calo; dormituroq; Cubile

Sternat in æternum Thetis ultima, nec Thetis ultirà.

Non concessa fuit GULIELMO hac gratia Caeli.

Extinctis longum Venis, Mors invida divum.

Hoc Decus Anglorum abripuit—

Siste nefanda viam, Carmènq; abrampe profanum.

Quò tibi, Musa furor? Mors & NASSOVIVUS una

Voce loqui poterunt? Hac dissona nomina nunquam,

Oh nunquam coeant. Tibi nec modulaminis alti

Turbare Harmoniam discors iste increpet horror.

Exulet è terris hac umbra phrenetica spectri.

Oh tibi Defensor, Europa, opiferq; dolenti,

Nesciat ille mori, per quem tu vivere nōdis.

Cum vocat Omnipotens, à lugentiq; recedis

Tu terrâ, GULIELME, tuâ; Soror horrida dextrâ

Heu tua flenda tenet pretiose stamina vite.

Nec quid Honoratum poterit Caput; invalet HEROS.

Eusebia Triumphans.

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This Life by Providence preserv'd to show'r
More lasting Blessings from her Orb of Pow'r,
More watchfully her Angel Guards attend:
Here the Stars smile, and prostrate Nations bend:
For her long Race of GLORY Altars shine;
Off'rings, Vows, Orisons, Knees and Hearts all joyn.
Could Pray'rs found Thrones, ANNE that Devotion draws,
That Albion wrestles Heav'n in her great Cause.

Yet has not ANNE all Heav'n's kind Smiles engrost;
Vast Blessings she has found; but vaster lost.
Blest and Unblest, beneath one Roof of State,
Has seen the whole Vicissitudes of Fate.
Once th' happiest Mother of the loveliest Charms,
The Darling of her Eyes, her Soul, her Arms.
But oh that Albion ROSE's fatal Blast!
With heavy Steps Great JOYS come but slow-pac'd;
But they find Wings to part, and fly too fast.
Thus ANNE of Albion's once best Hopes bereft,
Sees her self only the Great Niobe left.

Quit this too melancholy Region here;
Short be the painful Notes, and mournful Choir,
And soar, my Muse, to great SOPHIA's Sphere.
The Blisful Airs which sprighlier Themes inspire;
Not the whole Nine in endless Songs can tire.
Sing then that happier dearer Charge above,
Hers the best Smiles of the Immortal LOVE;
Blest with long Years of Joy; she lives to see
A fair Descent of Deathless MAJESTY.
Britannia from this Guardian HEAD alone,
Calls never setting GLORY to her Throne.
Her Veins and Times last Glass together run,
Her Lineal RACE shall hold the Reins of Pow'r,
Till the whole great Platonick Circle's done,
When the tir'd Sun shall lag, and drive no more.
This Blessing Heav'n to Great NASSAU denies,
When that long lov'd, no less mourn'd WORTHY dies—
But hold, here stop my Muse—All in one Breath
Did'st thou not name the Great NASSAU and Death?
Those jarring Sounds shou'd ne'er together speak!
'Twill all thy whole Harmonious Numbers break.
Bid that dire Thought's phantastick Spectres fly;
Oh Europe, must thy Freedom's Guardian dye!
Life of thy Life, and Genius of thy Arms,
He that dispell'd both Rome and Gauls black Charms:
That Head, which thine once fainting rais'd so high,
So low in Death's cold Bed must never lye.

When at th' Almighty Call thy Earth resign'd
NASSAU, thou leav'st thy Mourning World behind;
Not daring Heads 'gainst Fate a Shield can hold:
Ev'n thy last Glass must run through Sands of Gold;

Tota exantlanda est licet aurea currat arena.
 Tolleris è vivis tu totus & integer; Hares
 Non datur his venis—Sed quid tibi fata minantur!
HANOVER hic novus **AVRIACUS** dum te tibi supplet,
 Non tibi posse mori: Tibi tūq; eris ipse superstes.
 Quid si non proles, quid si tibi funera, Phoenix,
 Flamma, rogos, cineres, fato succumbere nescis.

Dum tamen **HANOVERO** solvunt pia Vota Tributum;
 Et tibi tūq; petas celebrandas, Anglia, laudes,
 Cum tam grande sonat donata fama Coronæ? —
 Sed cur sit donum Diadema; vel unde sit amplum?
 Heu tua larga manus dat Sceptrum, ut dives avarus
 Fœnoris immensi spe solum accommodat Aurum.

Cum tuus **HANOVER** à gratâ te dante, Coronam
 Gravior accipiat; tot reddita mille refundat
 Proflua diva Manis; donūmq; remuneret unum;
 (Verè propitiis dextris cum lora reponis;
 Imperium quid sit nisi Cura, recepta beandi
 Sceptra; repensandi sublimior Ambitus Orbis?)
 Quid non fama canat, cum sceptro fausta sub uno
 Advoleat Angliacos Aquila Hanoverana Leones.

Utiq; hinc **HANOVERI** frontem redimire, Corona
 Defensor verè hic Fidei, decernitur Hares;
 Justèq; hac dextrâ fœlici tota reposta est
 Grandior Ararum Custodia, Causaq; Cæli:
 Sint magis exaltata Trophæa; nec ista Britanni
 Bestia Martis, Avis Germanica, nec Jovis ultra.
 Causa evangelica est: Evangele confer honores.
HANOVERI Clypeo Sacriora Insignia supple;
 Des Aquilam, Johannem, tuam; des, Marce, Leonem.

Cum divum hoc Regimen, Stola Regiâque, Albion, albâ
 Hac Scytalâ niteat; tibi sic stellata Corona est;
 Tu Terra ex terris, extraneus angulus Orbis,
 Solis ad occasum steteris, sed Honoris ad ortum;
 Tu minor, Oh magni tolletur Gloria Sceptri
 Supra mundana fastidia inania molis.

Castalias dum tanta lyras Laus instruat, illa
 Carmine tam vario cantata à voce Britannâ;
 Urania, eja, Choros numerastine undiq; totos
HANOVERI? Resonant popularia Gaudia solum,
 Præscia fundanda per sæcla perennia pacis?
 Tantis Auspiciis stat solus debitor Orbis;
 Circulus iste brevis—Non hæc angustia famam
 Terminat **HANOVERI**. Cælestior Incola, Diva
 Eusebia hinc cernit stabilita Altaria; (perdi
 Stellatæ poterit non unica Gemma Corona)
 Angelicòsq; choros vocat ad nova Carmina: Clangunt
 Sydera; tam gratam Cælumq; reverberat auram.
HANOVERI haud Cantus hos dicite, dicite cantus
 Hos minùs Angliacos; Majores ecce Camænas:

Must the whole *HERO*, thy extinguish'd Veins,
All th' *Hero* die? No, thou thy own Remains,
In *HANOVER* shall Deathless *WILLIAM* live:
He shall make *NASSAU* ev'n himself survive.
What tho' she breeds not, and that single Head
An Ages Wonder, builds her Funeral Bed;
Nor the relentless Heav'n's descending Fires
Spare her rich Pile, the *Phœnix* ne'er expires.

But whilst we pay Great *HANOVER*'s just Due,
Albion thou claim'st thy Share of Praises too.
A Gift so vast as thy Imperial Seat —
But why thy Crown a Gift; or why so Great?
Thy open Hand this Bounty only pour'd,
At Misers for vast Interest trust their Hoard.

When *HANOVER* on *Britain*'s Head show'rs down
Th' immense Returns for thy presented Crown;
The thousand Blessings for one Gift so kind:
(For when to true Protecting Hands resign'd,
Empire is only Gratitude refin'd.)
How shall Fame chant this Union all Divine,
When with thy *Lyons*, shall his *Eagles* joyn.

As *HANOVER* wise *Britain* has decreed,
Her true Great *Faith's* Defender, shall succeed.
To this auspicious Hand thus justly given
Her Altars Charge, her Sacred Cause of Heav'n,
No more those bright *Regalia* in thy Shield,
The common Blazon of a Royal Field:
The Impress of thy Crest now rais'd above
The *British* Beast of *Mars*, or *German* Bird of *Jove*:
So bright thy Evangelick Chaplets twine;
Mark's Champion *Lion*, and *John's* *Eagle* thine.

So white the Ermin of thy Royal Robe,
Thy Crown so Starr'd; thy Frame so all Divine;
Oh thou great Western Outly of the Globe,
How shall thy Pride the Inland World outshine.

Thus whilst th' *HANOVERAN* SONGS my Muse inspire,
Hast thou, *Urania*, number'd all his Choir?
Is't an indebted World must only pay
(That narrow'r Round) the Rites of this Great Day?
The Plains with only Popular Eccho's fill'd,
To see that Head her endless Peace shall build?
No, his high Praise not t' Earth-born Organs bound,
Not only Mouths of Clay his Trump shall sound:
Whilst *TRUTH* and her unshaken *Domes* shall stand,
The whole bright Standart *CROSS* fix'd by that Hand;
The fair *Eusebia* in her Heav'nlier Reign
A part of his Inauguration Train;
Her Peace no less in this blest Fence immur'd,
Her Altars safe, her starrier Crown secur'd,

Edocet Astra suos potiùs celebrare triumphos.
 Cæli res agitur. Celorum Gloria, Causa,
 Conservanda Fides, munitaq; Tempa, colenda
 Numinàq; HANOVERI cum sint Provincia; Divi
 Exultant, resonant super Æthera Gaudia, complet
 Ipsaq; Pæanas sacra Halleluiah Britannos.

Fausta tamen dum Musa per Hanoverana rotatur
 SYDERA, & huic Sphæra carmen modulata benigna,
 Terrisq; & Superis charam Caput aspicit; altos
 Nulla choros turbat vox barbara? Marmura nulla!

Non unus latrans ex triplice Cerberus Ore?
 A Solio volvenda novo tibi Gloria, totâ
 Luce coruscante Invidia confundat ocellos;
 Nec fera crinitis Alesto ex anguib; unum
 Totâ à Gorgoneâ vibrârit fronte colubrum?
 Imò venenato furiali ex Agmine Magnus
 En Draco, Dux gregis horrendæ horrendissimus, ille
 Sanguine qui longo rabefecit Lilia; torvus
 En ubi consurgens, alarum spicula, nigras
 Expandit pennas; turgentia Collaq; tollit.
 Pectore & à rabido plusquam igneus halitus iras
 Expromit: Toto flammante en ore boantem.

Summa petat nunc Musa; choros utq; altiùs altos
 Evehat, & Gallo modulamina digna canendo
 Extruat, heu tanti cantûs sub pondere captis
 Aspirante Deo non indiget; Auspice nullo.
 Sufficit ipse sibi suus est Ludovicus Apollo.
 Lumen Apollineam dabit ille Incendia. Penna
 Ærea; Chorda Lyre sit ferrea; sanguine Carmen
 Scribendum; omne suum. Sic diva poemata tanto
 Inflatû solùm verè Ludovicea fiant.

En ubi Spes Galli, sed Origo Britannica, Vene
 He dubia Magni Ludovici cura fovetur.
 Quid non hac poterunt Cunab'la? Quid attrahat illa
 Hinc proles, imbuta recens, nutritaq; tanto
 Susceptore? Hinc Mens, Genius, Votum, Ambitus, omne
 Inflandum: Hac similis simili dedit. A Jove Gallo
 Decreta est Sceptris hac Gloria mimæ Britannis.

Terrarum Imperium longo Molimine Galli
 Quasitum, minus hoc, Galli inter somnia, mirum.
 Sed quando Ambitio sic effrenata tamescit,
 Somniàq; alta petit tam calitûs, ut sibi Numen
 Arroget, hinc Orbem stupefecit; dummodo tantas
 Projicit ampullas tam vana Superbia, demens,
 Ut sonus, ipse merè Galli, putet, halitus oris
 Fati voce loqui poterit; Regèsq; novelli
 Tam levitèr fuerint Nutû Verbòq; creandi.

Angliaci Solij fundamina Gallica! — Solùm
 Hanc operam aeriam Ludovicea Machina movit:
 Cum Gallus pragnans hoc Jupiter edidit ausum,
 A divo cerebello heu nata minutula Pallas.

Ev'n th' *Angel Choir* here to new Songs shall wake;
And well-pleas'd Heav'n the grateful Raptures take.
Such Influence this blest Succession draws,
Their own the Glory, and their own the Cause;
Their own the Great Triumphant Rites assign'd:
Our *Io Paans*, and their *Hallelujah's* joyn'd.

But whilst we in this tuneful Region move,
Has th' Head so dear below, so lov'd above,
No murm'ring Enemies; no snarling Spight?
From his new Rising Throne can such warm Light,
In th' Eyes of grinning Envy glare, so bright;
And the dire Fury not one brandish'd Snake
From her whole Tire of *Gorgon Tresses* shake?
Yes, see the keenest of her poy's'nous Stings,
The alarm'd *Dragon* stretch his spotted Wings:
That dreadfulest of all her angry Pow'rs,
Rowz'd from his Bed of *Sanguin'd Lilies*, lou'rs.
Bloated with Spight, see his swollen Crest uprise:

The Grin, the Hiss, Rage, Vengeance all conspire.
Forth from his Sulph'rous Throat, and Flaming Eyes
He pours whole Torrents of invenom'd Fire.

But here, my Muse, beneath thy pondrous Load,
To thy Great Theme call no assisting God.
For invocated Pow'rs thy Song to raise
Up to the Mighty *Gaul's* exalted Praise,
Call his own Conflagrations to Inspire,
Thro' thy warm Veins, the whole Poetick Fire:
From his own harden'd Steel string up thy Lyre:
And his Immortal *Trophies* to rehearse,
In his own darling *Crimson* write thy Verse.

Lo then, that fondled *Birth*, rais'd all his own,
Rais'd to restore *Rome's* Abdicated Throne,
A Nurs'ry warm'd by *Lewis* Beams alone;
That young *Adoption* so sublimely bred,
So early from *His* Cradle Nurture fed,
From his great Founder's Model stamp't his own,
He sets this Pageant up for th' *Albion Throne*.

To Universal Empire to Aspire,
Lewis long Golden Dream, we less Admire:
But here we something more amazing view;
When the big Dreamer grasps at God-head too;
Vainly puff't up to that stupendous height,
To think his *Word* alone can stamp with Fate;
Such cheap-made Kings ev'n with a *Breath* create:

This *French* Foundation of an *English* Throne,
Such airy Castle-work was all his own.
Gaul's teeming *Jove*, at this prodigious Birth,
Brought but a very small *Minerva* forth.

*Tam grande Inceptum propriâ depingere plumâ,
Adstitit hic Lucina, immensa Audacia solum:
Dormiit ad rapidum Prudentia parvula partum.
Non facile ascendit Regni Grassator; opusq;
Non leve posse rapi credat Diadema Britannum.*

*Sceptrorum huic fabro tentare per ardua tutè
Tantam tanta viam, (sit siqua Minervula tali
Consilio,) Galli Labor ille, Britannia, Primus
(Sit modò posse) foret tibi consopuisse Leones:
Non tantas armasse iras, ut conscia lasa
Regna Potestatis surgant, & Gloria vindex
Fulminet in proprium contundere pulveris ortum
Effigiem hanc luteam Divorum; fictile Numen.
Dum tamen Icariis rapitur Vesania pennis,
Sic monet errantem Prudentior Anglia Gallum.*

" Heu MAJESTATI non ille typographus ANGLÆ;

" Nec Regale Aurum Galli à fornace petendum.

" GLORIA si fuerit DIVA excudenda Britannis,

" Tu tua solâ fabra es; tua Mænia & Arva tueris,

" Ut quondam tenuit Paradisea Janua clavem:

" Gloria lapsa tuos Ob nunquam possidet hortos.

" Excludi aeternum est. Tibi, firmior, Anglia, Porta

" Clauditar Edensis: Flammantem conspice DEXTRIS

" En tibi QUINGENTIS Propugnatricibus Ensem.

Sic Vox & Ratio vovet Anglica, & illa voventis

Iustitia eloquitur; qua non Cælestia movit

Pectora! Spectentur Decreta Britannica dextrâ

Non solum signata suâ; Divum ecce sigillum.

Ad partes en Astra vocata & Numen amicum.

Eugè etenim memoranda Dies, ea, cum Jovis Ales;

Austriaca, heu supplex, Aquila elanguentibus alis

Tèque tuum Martemq; exorans, Anglia, tantâ

Tutelâ tantisq; redempta Ultoribus, undas

Danubij vidit Gallorum strage rubentes.

Inde novas recipit plumas, Fulmenq; tuorum

Hinc restauratum victrice ex Ungue Leonum.

Ex hoc trajecto Rubicone en alea jacta est.

Imperiiq; Salus & nunc verè Arbiter Orbis;

Quæ caput invictis Europæum obtegis armis,

Nil tibi tu timeas. Tantis quid Viribus obstat!

Velle tuum satis est; concedunt Numina posse,

Numina quæ Terris ANNAMq; ANNÆq; dederunt

MARLBORIUM; sacris sic consulere beandis.

Imò ubi fessus Atlas, NASSOVIUS exuit Orbem

Suscepturus onus Divinius; Hunc dedit ANNÆ:

Hunc cura Imperii, necdum finita, Britannis

Legavit. Moriente manû non excidit Ensis.

Hæredem hoc divo ditavit munere. Vita

Quid lapsus; Genio non illabente, recessit.

This vast Design, its Glory to confess,
Had Daring infinite, but Thinking less:
Starters to Empire not so eas'ly rise:
Britain's gay Diadem's a tougher Prize.

Had the least Beam of a Prudential Thought,
Its aiding Light to this Conception brought,
This Scepter-founder for so bold a push,
Should wisely first have lull'd her *Lyons* hush;
Not rous'd an *English* Arm of Pow'r more just
To Pound this new-made *Dagon* into Dust.
Alas, this Tourer takes too wild a Flight:
But wiser *Albion*, at this clearer Light,
Resolves to set the Royal Wand'rer Right.

" No *British* MAJESTY of *Lewis* Print!
" No *English* Sterling from a *Gallick* Mint!
" Her Stamp of KINGS must be her own true Mould:
" Her Garden like the Blissful *Bow'rs* of old,
" Exclusion and *Faln* Glory ne'er must hold.
" *Britain's* bar'd *Eden* Gate securelier stands:
" The Flaming Sword's in her FIVE HUNDRED
[Guardian Hands.]

So spoke the SOUL of *Britain*, and so well
She weigh'd the pondrous Accents e'er they fell:
Justice and *Prudence*, with those Beams Divine,
Through her great Oracles of Reason shine,
Justice that ev'n with that Attraction draws
That Heav'n it self's a Party in this Cause.
Britannia, thy Decrees not only stand
Sign'd by thy own, but the Immortal Hand;
Witness the Day when th' *Albion* Lions Led
Beyond the far stretcht *Danube's* watry Bed,
T' upraise the *Austrian* Eagle's drooping Head:
Her Native Thunder by thy Arm restor'd,
And moulted Wings new plum'd, once more she soar'd.
That crimson'd *Rubicon* to Glory past,
At one bold Throw the Lot of *Empire* cast,
Thou'st in one single Field of Laurels shewn,
She who Shields Europe's Head, can Guard her own.
Thy Great Resolves thus fix'd for ever sure,
Thy own the Will, and Heav'n has lent the Pow'r:
Heav'n that to make our lasting Blessings flow
Has given the World an *ANNE*, and *ANNE* a

[MARLBOROUGH.]

Yes, when tir'd *WILLIAM* from his Shoulders throw'd,
For a more Heavenly Charge, his Earthly Load;
The Gracious Monarch's last Expiring Breath
(*Britain* his darling Care ev'n beyond Death)
Did to GREAT *ANNE* this Leading CHIEF bequeath.

Jamq; opus exegit, sic transmigrâsse, WILHELMI
 Gloria, ut in Terris Heros, post funera Vates,
 Inflatam ex humeris devolvit ab aethere Vestem;
 Et novus Elijah cognatis additur Astris.

En Radius vel adhuc (si posse) benignior, Astra
 Albioni majora favent. En sub Jove miti
 Praestriâ Oculis obvertitur UNIO, Sceptum
 Anglo-Caledonium; sancita Ligamina Regni,
 Conditâq; à tanto Fundamine Gloria Mundi.

Imperiale Caput, tu Diva Britannia, Magnam
 Dum te Fama vocat, sis Maxima & Optima; Natos
 Ecce tuos, aquam Sobolem Complexibus aquè
 Maternis nunc sume tuam. Divelle profanas
 Metarum lites. Populi discrimina, Gentes
 Divisa, aeternum delenda Infamia, raucus
 Exulet Orbe sonus. Ratio, Prudentia, tota
 Astrea, Astrea Eloquentia, cui lora regendi
 Di dederint Mundi, nunc te regit Anglia; Tanta
 Gloria si non sat socialia Fœdera suadet,
 Unica Terrarum moles, en Ora, Situsq;
 Fundamenque, tuum omne, tua ipsa Creatio sacrum
 Hoc opus inclamant. En unica Cura Deorum,
 Unicus, aquoreo sub Numine, Murus aquarum;
 (Quid rupes, quid saxa valent!) hinc limite Regni
 Convallat te Diva Salus; ex Orbe dat Orbem.
 En unum geniale solum, Cunabula tuorum
 Pecunda Heroum, Proles divinius, aquo
 Marte instante, æquum Martem spirantis; & uno
 Sub Jove Regali genibus manibusq; beatæ,
 Unâq; tu Mater sis una Britannia, verè
 Magna, Potestatis Sphæra Unica; onusq; nec ultra
 Dextera inane trahat, diviso enervior Orbe.

Si modò Pegasus sublimia Carmina dicent,
 Terra Britanna, tuos quæ nunc modulentur Honores;
 Hinc acquirendam velit enumerare Salutem,
 Et Vires, & Opes; ne Canticum Musa laboret.
 Sufficit Angliacum Pœana reverberet, altrò
 Chorda Lyra resonat, Carmèq; accommodat Orbis.

Ad Sancti Stephani Turres hinc tollat ocellos;
 Audiat has intra divas Modulamina Sedes.
 Imò salutiferam Tibi, fausta Britannia, Vocem
 Oracula hinc dederant, Natosq; vocarat Apollo,
 Ille opifer, Medicus DEUS hinc sanaverat Orbem.
 Divisi Imperii non nunc egre aestuat Aer.
 Temperies Calique, salubrior Aurâq; spirat.
 Gloriâq; hinc alas, Virtusq; omni obice major
 Hinc vires, Mavors hinc formidabilis arma,
 Paxq; serena petet secunda hinc otia: Amicis
 Te circum semper ridentibus, Hoste tremante;

Eusebia Triumphans.

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His Dying Hand disdain'd to leave behind
A falling Sword; not lost it, but resign'd.
His transmigrated Genius thus supplied,
He liv'd the *Hero* and the *Prophet* died.
Up to the Skies *Elijah*-like withdrew,
And drop'd the Spirited Mantle as he flew.

But tho' the *British* Safety stands thus crown'd,
Turn, turn, my Muse, thy dazzled Eyes around;
And see yet stronger *Guardian Pow'rs* Divine,
Behold the Great *Britannick UNION* shine.

Oh thou Imperial Head, whose Honour'd Name,
With swelling Titles fills the Trump of Fame;
Be Thou *Britannia* no less Good than Great;
Thy equal Race with equal Favours treat.
Down with the Barriers, down; root up the Shame
Of harsh Distinction, that invidious Name.
Behold how Reason, Prudence, Justice; All
That ought to Rule the World, did for this *Union* call,
If possible, for yet more pond'rous Sense
Beyond ev'n their inviting Eloquence,
Look round and see thy whole Foundation lay'd,
Thy very Frame for this blest *Union* made.
From th' universal grosser Mass, thy Throne
A select Charge of Heav'n, secure thy own,
Thy self a World within Thy self alone.
One watry Wall surrounds thee, *One* rich Fence
The Bulwark of Protecting Providence.
Thy whole fair Spot of Earth *One* fertile Bed
Of Martial Veins to hardy Virtue bred.
Such th' Inborn Genius, rul'd by *One* Crown'd Brow,
As such the Off-spring, such the Mother too;
Be *One Great Britain* Thou, *One* Orb of Pow'r:
And poorly cation out thy World no more.

My Muse, cou'd now thy touring Numbers mount
Britannia's spreading Glories to recount;
Her Health, Wealth, Strength, from this blest *Union-Tie*,
Thy Song to furnish, and thy Airs supply,
Thou needst but listen to the Publick Choir,
Whilst the *World* ecchoes back to tune thy Lyre.

First to *St. Stephen's* Walls thy Eyes upraise:
Hear in that tuneful Sphere th' Harmonious Lays.
This Blessing down to endless Worlds bequeath'd,
'Twas here the Sanatory Voice first breath'd.
Yes, the true *Esculapian* Worthies there
All join'd the Great *Britannia's* Health to cheer.
No more Division's sickly Air, no more
The feeble Weakness of disjointed Pow'r,
Shall clog her Wings, and tow'ring Glory bar.
Ah no, her Veins of Peace, and Nerves of War
By this invigorating *Union* warm'd,
Her Foes all trembling, and her Friends all charm'd,

Consilium hoc divum certe DEVS ipse vocavit,
Ut quondam Angelicam Bethsada ad stagna Medelam.

Albion, hisce tui Propugnatoribus Orbis
Sufficit haud minor iste Labor, angustaq; Fama,
Mundanas solum lites componere, Terras
Conciliasse tuas. Quid si Certamina rerum
Furgiâq; æternum sileant, & inutile pondus
Pictæi jaceat quondam Muri obruta moles;
Dum Twedæ nunc tuta Britannia per vada Currû
Lata Triumphali pacatas transeat undas.
Nec Minus His Patriæ-Cœlestis Patribus, aequè
Cura Foci, Ararum; Terræ, culturâq; Cæli;
Eusebiæ Tutela sua, sublimior ille
Ambitus, hic Labor est, hac Gloria. Sacra Britannum
UNIO vel Terrestre simul perfecit Opusq;
Cœleste! Huic Pacto Collega benignior addi,
Si posse est; ANNÆ quantum pia pectora flagrant!
Albanoq; suo socius Leo Belgicus, ille
Defensor Fidei, Fautorq; en additur Aris.

Ad Divum hoc Opus haud mirum tam fortiter ANNAM
Cæsareos Geminosq; hac excitat Amula Virtus.

CONSILIO huic satis est longum altâ mente reponi
Ex Ore horrendo quondam memorabile dictum.
Cum rapere Imperium Dominandi barbarus ardet
Ambitus, ut moveat prodendis machina collis
Tutius, & vinclis deceptum subjugat Orbem;
Dehilis heu nimium, sub aperto Marte, Tyrannis,
Dextrâq; hostili, conjunctas frangere Vires;
Ad facinus patrandum astutius aure susurrat
Oraculum Sceleris: Qui dividit, imperet, ajunt
Inferni mandata. Sed hospita mœnia Regum
Hec ubi stant fundata, Vicarius ipse Dei;
Maxima Cura DEI est; se Munimenq; suorum
Dat Numen; sic Vox Cœlestis prædicat; " Oh Tu
" Pacifica, Imperii Genius, datur, UNIO, dextra
" Condere Regna tuæ: Stabilis Concordia Sceptrum.
Dum tamen Angliacis tam faustè hac UNIO Terris
Exoritur, cur post centenos tardius Annos
Sera micat! Quæ Causa latens, Geniusve sinister
Obstitit, insectum ut per longa Opus hæserit Æva.

Desine mirari: Quid habes hic, Musa, stupendum!
Seri Operis tantinè velis disquirere Causas,
Altius explores Arcanum; consule Fatum:
Nil dubites, tardante DEO, hac lentissima movit
Machina. Majestas Divinior, Astra gubernans,
Provida prælustre hoc Opus assignâverat ANNÆ,
Terrarum Decorî Decus. Hoc agitantibus olim
Debile Conamen, frigentia Corda, pusilla
Consilia obstiterant. Moriturum hinc Embryon ipso
Conceptu periit. Nunc fervida Pectora, Virtus
Immota, & Lucina Potentior, ANNA Labori
Astat. Suscepisse sat est. Opus ANNA coronat.

'Twas this high Call did their great Counsels Rule,
Met like the *Angel* at *Bethsada's* Pool.

To found the Happiness of this blest *Isle*,
'Tis not enough for our warm PATRIOTS Smile
Only contesting Pow'r to reconcile;
All Terrene jarring Elements thus hush'd,
Her old *Pist-Wall* (*) long moulder'd into Dust,
Thy Sovereign *Britannia* thus agreed,
Now her Triumphant Chariot fords the *Tweed*.
Our *Senate-Worthies* with an equal Toil,
To Cultivate no less th' Immortal Soil,
Their dear *Eusebia's* Safety to Maintain,
In no less Peace to drive her Polar Wain;
This *Union* the kind Finishing Hand has given
At once to the great Work of Earth and Heav'n.
Nay still more *Colleague Champions* call'd, we view
Great *ANNE* so warmly this high Cause pursue,
To her *Albanian* joins the *Belgick Lyon* * too.

* The Wall that
once parted the two
Kingdoms.

Well with that Warmth in this great Cause Divine
Did *ANNE* and Her *Twin-Mates of Empire* Joyn.

Yes, they remember'd with a pond'ring Thought,
In th' old dark School this sanguine Maxim taught.
When Tyranny to grasp at Lawless Sway,
Wou'd new projected Plans of Grandeur lay,
And to her Yoke an enslav'd World betray:
The Harmony of Pow'r, alas, too weak
By hostile Arms and open Force to break:
Empire by safer Politicks to reach,
Divide and Reign; th' internal Oracles Preach.
But when th' Immortal Guardians of the Throne
Make their Divine Vicegerent's Cause their own;
The Sovereign Helm of Empire to sustain,
The Voice of Heav'n commands, *Unite and Reign*.

As this blest UNION does such Lustre cast;
Say, why an Hundred rowling Years o'er-past,
Barr'd by what loursing Pow'rs in th' *Albion* Skies
We saw no Earlier this new Glory rise.

But stop my Muse, Why all this Wonder made
To see this glorious Work so long delay'd?
Oh no! Look higher to Decrees above
That made this vast Machine so slowly move.
No doubt the SOVEREIGN on th' Immortal Throne
Reserv'd this Work for *ANNE's* blest Reign alone.
By cooler Zeal this great Projection try'd,
Alas, before th' Abortive Embrios dy'd;
No more than weak Essays, all faint Disputes.
Great *ANNE* alone Resolves, and Executes.

L

Nay

*Nec dedignatum est hic Omnipotentis adesse
Consilium. Divina (quid equius?) hoc Opus ANNÆ
Gratia concessit: Tam pacificumq; Laborem
Huic soli finire datur, Provincia iusta,
Decreto Cælesti; Huic, quæ Bellona Britannia
Tam propè conclusos Victricia Tela Triumphos
Impulit; & sacris quæ Lauribus addet Olivam:
Illi, quæ demum Pacem Europæq; redempta
Et fesso condet Mundo; quid justius Orbem
Quàm deturq; suum aternè pacare Britannum.*

*Viribus ex hisce Unitis quæ Regia Sceptum
Dextra geret? Siquando, Britannia, ad Arma vocâris,
Ecce à montanis Boreale Penatibus Agmen
Angliaco immixtum Marti, junctaq; Phalanges,
(Nunc quantum tua Causa valet!) famulaq; Tonantis
Ad tua convalescis vibrandum fulmina dextris
Attulerint se, corda, manûsque, focosque, larèsque.
Insula ter felix, cui tutelaria plusquam
Igne Promethæo præcordia subdita flagrant.
Numen & ecce novum. Te murus aquaticus ambit,
Circùm Defensor Neptunus, Jupiter intus.*

*Quas Turres plusquam nova Troja, Britannia, condis?
Has intra unitas tuæ Dextra Potentior Arces
Palladiumq; tuum, Terrarum Orbisq; reponit.
Si nova delirans, iterumq; infesta, Tyrannis,
Audeat infelix renovare incendia Mundo,
Cum primum prægnans, conceptuq; ad Jovis instar
Ingemit armato, fætus longum antè nefandi
Parturam; cum nondum horrenda Ministra Labori
Vulcani nimis atra Manus Lucina vocatur;
Tunc tuæ Terrarum vigili indofessaq; Cura
Hauferit ut primos sceleris læsæ aure susurros;
Dum caput iratum attollens, & voce tremendâ
Divina attonitum Vindicta audita per Orbem
Intonet; Ambitio languens, en mortua necdum
Nata! Sat à torvo tibi Lumine missile Fatum.*

Hinc moritur; venit hinc lethalis arundinis ictus;

*Audeat haud ultra Mundorum Insania vana
Perturbare tuam, secura Britannia, Pacem.*

Lauribus aternis Heres, Victoria Currâ

Insidet Alta tuo, solumq; hæc sede triumphat.

Imò abi ad Exemplar ANNÆ ducentis, ab extrâ

Terrarum Regio, fractâ Pace, obrutaq; Umbris

Funestis, ad te prece supplice tendat, ut almam

Mutuet hinc Lucem solum à Titane Britanno,

Ecce tuo Solio Divina Astrea recumbens,

A te mandanti circùm Imperialia tradet

Auribus attentis Animisq; Oracula Mundi.

Nempe tuæ aternum nunc formidanda Potestas

Æqui Instauratrix, Propugnatrixq; Thororum,

MARLBORIOS dabit alma novos: Dabit UNIO Terris

ANNÆ Immortalis Genium. Rediviva Britanni

Hinc Anima Hæc Mundi per sæcula longa supersit.

Nay possibly th' Immortal Counsels joyn,
 (Peculiar Grace, all Equity Divine)
 In this fair Choice, to *ANNE* alone kind Heav'n
 Has this select Pacifick Labour given.
 She who has pusht her conquering Arms so far,
 So near the great Decisive Stroke of War;
 She whose Triumphant Pow'r shall one Day raise
 A Bed of *Olive* to her Groves of *Bays*,
 Bid the reposing *Europe's* Troubles cease;
 Shou'd justly crown her own *Britannia's* Peace.

Yes, how shall now the *British* Monarchs Reign
 With such linkt Hands the Scepter to maintain!
 Whole Clans shall now, new Champions of the Crown,
 March from their Hills in rang'd Battallions down;
 Joyn'd with the *Albion Bands*, all proudly wait
 To wield their dear *Britannia's* Bolts of Fate.
 Thus happy Isle, to raise thy Diadem higher,
 Betwixt thy true Promæthean Souls of Fire,
 And thy proud watry Walls, securely Crown'd,
Jove Guards thee safe within, and *Neptune* round.

With this new Majesty t' adorn thy Brow,
Britain, thy own, and *Europe's* Guardian now,
 Lodg'd in thy Arm of Pow'r, at once we view
 Thy *Troynovant's* and the World's *Palladium* too.
 For, oh, shou'd hardy Tyranny aspire
 Once more to dare to set the World o' Fire;
 Big like the Brain of *Jove* with her arm'd Birth,
 Long e'er her Bolted Vengeance to bring forth,
 T' assist her labouring Pangs, her dire Commands
 Shall call her hammering *Cyclops* Midwife-Hands:
 At the Alarm, shall wak'd *Britannia* rouse
 With all the dreadful Terrors on her Brows.
 'Twill be enough with her big Voice of Doom
 To blast the unborn Embrio in the Womb;
 Enough alone to raise her awful Head,
 And look th' abortive bold Ambition Dead.

Britain no more by hostile Worlds assail'd,
 Conquest ev'n by Inheritance entail'd,
 From the high Copy, by Great *ANNE* begun,
 Hither shall distrest Nations Suppliant run,
 For borrow'd Light from *Britain's* Lending *Sun*.
 The Sovereign *Astrea* on thy Throne,
 Divine *Britannia* from thy Breath alone,
 Shall her Imperial Oracles disperse
 Around the list'ning and obeying Universe.
 Yes, thy dread Strength, thy formidable Pow'r,
 Right to defend, and ravish'd Thrones restore,
 Shall t' endless Worlds new *MARLBOROUGH'S* supply;
 And the Immortal *ANNE's* great *Genius* never Die.

En tua nunc Edvarde, Sarum Comitissa, nitentis
 Pulchra olim Angliacæ GEMMÆ quæ fabra, cadentem
 Fausta Periscelidem stellavit; adesse Triumphis
 Hisce, Quadringentos prob longum onerata per annos
 Pondere marmoreo, somnum nunc discutit altum.
 Pulchrior assurgens renovato Lumine Magnum
 Aspiciens HEROA suum, Gallumq; Tyrannum
 Sub vinclis Anglo positis à Marte gementem;
 Ecce novo Visû Victricem transit ad ANNAM
 Bellonam Angligenam Campis, Solioq; Minervam;
 Sceptrorum hic Oculis diva obviat UNIO, & inde
 Invieta Vires, Pactum inviolabile, Virtus
 Strenua, firma Fides, animataq; Pectora Regni;
 Et tunc fatidico sic vaticinatur ab ore,
 " Gallico ad Aspectus nunc Corde tremente Britannos,
 " Omnes Edvardos hinc Britonas affore Reges.

Munera tanta ANNÆ precibus donata Senatûs
 Auspicio—(Auspicio Superiorum, cælitus Orbi
 Donata Angliaco;) quò dives Aromate ad Aras,
 Dante DEO, recipit! Replent quæ Gaudia. Pectus
 Plusquam Maternum struxisse Nepotibus ANNAM
 Hunc nidum balcionis? Quanto hæc celebratur Honore
 Provida in æternum sacris data Cura beandis!
 Albion hic opus exegit. Magno ecce WILHELMO
 Solum Ichnographiam tanti Moliminis, Astra
 Depinxisse dedere; Laborem illique, minori
 Anglorum Alcidae, fatis à Diisq; negatum,
 ANNÆ Majori concedunt Numina. Divum
 Incipere en Huius dant, Huius dant finire Colossum.
 Nec mirum hæc tanta Conamine Machina Regni
 Surrexit: Pietas ANNÆ tam strenua flagrat,
 Ut Terræ & Celi Defensor, provida utriq;
 Consulit. Accedet, Sceptrine precarius Harer,
 Harer heu nimis angusti tuus HANOVER Orbis,
 Ad curtum Diadema, & Semi-Britanna Trophæa?
 Astraq; & ANNA vetant. Conviva beator Aris
 Extructis, Epulis semper Cælestibus, Ille
 Successor, ad Sceptra, hæc non violanda; Thronumq;
 Immotum; & nunquam nutantia Templa, vocatur.
 Europæ voluit sic Arbiter. Illius ANNÆ
 Musa Triumphantis velis enumerare Labores,
 Quid non perfecit, quid non perfecit ANNA!
 Illius à Dextrâ non impia territa solum
 Ambitio elanguet: Tanto Moderamine Sceptri,
 Pacificæ Auspiciis ANNÆ Discordiâq; ipsa
 Religiosa fileat. Pia non deliria, ab Aris
 Flamma nimis violenta; Furorq; nec obstrepet ultra
 Horrida ad arma vocans. Vanescent nubila: Nulla
 Audebit turbare DEUM Titania Proles,
 In sempiternum Jovis hinc secura Britanni
 Gloria nulla timet nunc Bella movenda Gigantum.

Now *Albion's* Great Third *EDWARD*, lo, to see
 This finisht Work; Thy beauteous *Sarum*, she,
 Who the fam'd Poundress of a Gem so fair,
 Once dropt a *Garter* to light up a *STAR*,
 Rais'd from her Sleep of Four long Hundred Years,
 So loud this ecchoing Triumph strikes her Ears:
 When viewing in her own Crown'd Heroe's Train
 A Royal Captive *Gaul* wear th' *Albion* Chain,
 With a Propherick Light her Eyes casts down
 To Great *Britannia's* now *United-Crown*;
 An *Union* whose bright Influence shall so charm
 Her smiling Eyes, her sprightly Veins so warm,
 So strongly Nerve her formidable Arm;
 From Colleague Kingdoms joining Hearts and Hands,
 Pow'rs whole embodied Force linkt in Eternal Bands,
 Till trembling *France* shall to dread *Britain* bow:
 Her whole Crown'd Race shall all Reign *Edwards* now.
 To *ANNE's* warm Pray'rs this radiant Blessing given,
 From courted *Senates*, and more courted *Heav'n*,
 T' a giving *GOD*, what Incense shall she pay,
 To hail the Joys of this Auspicious Day!
 Yes, to behold her Filial Charge thus Blest,
 Her self the Poundress of this *Halcyon* Nest,
 What vast Maternal Raptures swell that Breast?
 This Glorious Labour, in Great *WILLIAM's* Reign,
Britannia's less *Alcides*, try'd in vain,
 The Star-crown'd Heroe, from his own fair Plan,
 Looks smiling from his *Heav'n* to see the Greater *ANNE*,
 A Pile to his attempting Zeal deny'd,
 Begin and finish the Triumphal Pyramide.
 Yes, not Proud *Europe's* Guardian-Head alone,
 No less the Champion of th' *Immortal Throne*,
 In her dear Altars Cause her strenuous Arm
 Nerv'd with a Piety Divinely warm,
 Resolv'd t' invite th' *HANOVERAN* Successor
 Not to half Empire, a precarious Pow'r;
 To treat more Nobly that Imperial Guest,
 Securely founds an Everlasting Feast.

The Past, the Present, and the Future too,
ANNE's whole summ'd Glories set at their full view,
 What has She done? And what shall She not do?
 How shall She deck the proud Imperial Robe,
 And how, how tune the whole Harmonious Globe;
 Not only hush *Ambition* into *Peace*:
 She can ev'n make *Religious Discord* cease.
 No frantick Zeal at Home, nor from Abroad
 Shall Pow'rs aspiring Lust dare Front the *GOD*:
 No Clouds within, no Tempests from afar,
 A *British Jove* shall fear no *Gyants-War*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

AS I have made this *Poetical Essay* to Celebrate the Glorious Preservation both of our Holy RELIGION and LIBERTIES (for they both stand and fall together) in the Establishment of the Royal SUCCESSION, I cannot conclude so Great a Subject, without dropping the *Panegyrick*, and taking up a little of the *Satyr* on the present Divisions; I might rather say, *Distractions* of ENGLAND. And here let me joyn in the *Universal Acknowledgement*, That in His MAJESTY's Accession to the THRONE, with all the Prospect of Blessings attending it, HEAVEN has done Its Part, and there now wants only our Own, to make us the *Happiest Nation in the World*.

But, *hinc illa lacrima!* We cannot be our own Friends, whilst so perverse a *Malignity*, *Disunion* and *Enmity*, the Pest of common Society, rages amongst us. Were there any solid Ground, or substantial Foundation for any such *Fewds* and *Animosities* amongst us, the Eruption of them, tho' never so terrible, might be somewhat Excusable; but where Frenzy and Romance only furnish the publick *Gorgons* now set up, 'tis pity that the Sick of such Frights should have any other Physical Application, than that of a Laugh and a Rally, like the Sting of a *Tarantula* cured with a Song and a Fiddle.

To begin then with the *Popular Outcries* on one side (for so I may properly call it, as being indeed *Vox et prater ea Nihil*, meer Sound and Air :) What can be more horrid, than to see so many zealous Professors and warm Champions of the Church of ENGLAND, charged with being in the Interest of the Pretender, all galloping *Rome-wards*, and in a secret Confederacy to mount him into the THRONE of Great Britain, &c.

If this Outcry were worth a serious Refutation, how many Absurdities must fly in the Face of so ridiculous a Suggestion. The Church of ENGLAND, we very well remember, call'd over the Prince of ORANGE with an Arm'd Power to Shield us from Popery, tho' against a KING upon the THRONE: And are we turned so diametrically opposite to our Original Principles of *Self-preservation*, as in Zeal for a Person below a THRONE, to pull down, in his Service, inevitable Ruine both on our Church and Liberties, under so much a more dangerous *Popish Successor*, as that we had far less to fear from his Predecessor of the same Stamp; his Attempts in the *Romish Cause* being only the weaker Efforts of a short Fragment of Life in the elderly King James II. Whereas to our more certain Confusion, we had here a visible Prospect of Youth before us, and possibly from thence a Line of *Romish Succession*, to the end of the World, might rise up to perpetuate our Slavery. And all this (*Monstrum Horrendum!*) to be Undertaken and Accomplish'd by no less than Prevaricating with GOD Himself, viz. In first solemnly *Abjuring* and then *Enthroning*; whilst, with so premeditated a *Perjury*, we are desir'd to believe, that they had not only resolv'd to Affront their GOD, but most impiously to Abandon his very Cause, in giving up his Altars to the *Romish Superstition*; nay, and as unnaturally to abandon the Care of their whole descending Posterity: For as the Forging of great Yokes, are the Work of Labour and Time, the heaviest Load of Shackles would be the Portion

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tion of remoter Ages. Not but we own there might be those scattered Monsters amongst us, (there was a Judas among the Twelve) that would perhaps break thro' all these Obligations to serve their St. German's Darling. But

—*vana est sine Viribus Ira.*

their Machinations, if any such were, are defeated; and their Number and Power, *Heaven* be prais'd, too weak to give us any Pain.

Now as dismal a Charge as this is, against so many worthy *Church-men*, 'tis not so black, but their remaining Brethren, of the same *Communion*, must share in their Calamity, tho' under a different Aspersions. (For the Dirt is thrown no less on both Sides) For what tho' equally True and Orthodox Members of the *Establish'd Church of ENGLAND*, all nurs'd up, and nursing their Children at the same Religious Fount, kneeling to the same G O D, in the same Faith, and at the same *Altars*, and communicating at the same Holy Table; however this last Class of *Church-men*, at least every Publick Minister amongst them (for the Stab always strikes at the greatest) is, they'll tell us, a *Presbyterian* in his Heart, and every *Presbyterian* a *Republican*, and therefore this whole Party is driving us to a *Jehu* like for a *Common-Wealth*.

Good G O D! What Spectres and Goblins can Malice and Envy conjure up! Nay, and in what a mournful Condition is the *Church* herself? For tho' magnified for the Purity of her Doctrines, and the Decency of her Worship; nevertheless, if Calumny may be believed on both Sides, tho' with all this Purity in her self, she has not one Honest Son: For her Communicants belike are all down-right Cheats and Impostors. The one Part, under the vilest Hypocrisy, with their Faces bending towards *Rome*; and the other, the same villanous Masqueraders, with theirs towards *Geneva*.

But to take a short Survey of this last Gigantick Phantom, this formidable Apparition of *Presbytery*: 'Tis first worthy our Enquiry wherein this peculiar Class of Dissent appears so extraordinary a Favourite, above the other Clans of Separatists. I find no Boast they can make of any Favour towards the Encrease of their Proselytes, and Propagation of their Persuasion; for we desire any Rational Man to prove, that they have had one single Soul added to, or diminish'd from their Communion, by virtue of This or That Ministry. For under Both they have enjoy'd their Toleration to its utmost Extent, and consequently neither our Church-Gates, or their Meeting-House Doors, have been widen'd or straiten'd by any Court-Change whatever. And as to any peculiar Favours they can hope, at least conducive to this wondrous Revolution threatn'd us, from any Parliamentary Advancement; we could never yet count Twenty, I might say half the Number of South-British Presbyterians in any one Parliament since the Revolution. Next then as to their own peculiar Strength and Bulk: The whole Body of the English Dissenters have been generally computed to make near a Third Part of the Nation, and the Presbyterians amongst them possibly one Half of that Third. And how so diminutive, I might say despicable, a Power should aspire to so strange a Subjugation of the whole Kingdom, and the Subversion of the whole Monarchical Constitution, can only be Illustrated by a Parallel Comparison, as being a Work not much inferior to that prodigious Undertaking at the Entry of King WILLIAM, when about 5000 Irish Papists, in King JAMES's Army, all disarm'd and disbanded, nay, sculking into Corners even to hide their very Heads, were all supposed to have form'd a Plot of rising in one Night thro' all ENGLAND, and cutting the Protestants Throats. And truly nothing but the same Popular Idiorism, that started at the one, ought to be frighted at the other.

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Nay, and to make such a *Presbyterian Project* yet more monstrous, we are to imagine our greatest *Patriots* at the Helm, to be at the Head of a *Plot*, both to Depose the KING and Themselves: For as *Aristocracy* and *Democracy* can never mix, at least with Harmony enough between 'em to give such a *Mixture* any Duration; the very top Ambition of the proudest STAR and GARTER in ENGLAND, on the Success of such a *Plot*, could then have aspired no higher than to sit under a *Republican Roof of Authority*, (nay, 'tis a Question if even that Favour would be granted) between a *Grocer* and a *Cheesemonger*.

Now, as our whole *Party War* is purely founded on this Chimerical Cause of Quarrel between them; if seriously and thoroughly examined, what are we doing, but setting up the *Windmill*, and playing the *Quixots* to Battle it.

To trace up this hideous *Detraction*, thrown upon this last Class of *Patriots*, to the Original Fount. After the Church of ENGLAND, so long Dethroned in the Confusion of our *Civil Wars*, was blest with her MONARCHS's, and her own *Restoration*; and what through a long Reign, nor a little brightned by her past *Sufferings*, she had rais'd her Head to that Strength and Security, that she could more safely assume a Spirit of *Lenity* suitable to her *Grandeur*: And thereupon, soon after the *Revolution*, resolv'd to relax her former *Maternal Severity*, and Establish a *General Toleration* to the *Strays* from her *Fold*, by a free *Liberty of Conscience*; it so happen'd, that these more Indulgent *Sons* of that *Mother*, or possibly their *Fathers* before them, joyn'd in the Establishment of that *General Toleration*. And hence arose all this dreadful *Apostacy* from their own *Altars*, so plentifully thrown upon them. Their *Tenderness* to a weak *Brother* gave them their Brand; whilst their *Clemency* and *Goodness* all sower'd into *Poyson*, they fell under these stigmatizing *Reproaches* from no other unpardonable *Demerit*, but *MERCY*.

As such has been the Foundation of the *Faults* of these last *Offenders*, let us do Justice at least to one peculiar *Virtue* of theirs, in declaring, they have one endearing Qualification beyond the other, that is, *They are Masters of a Superior Talent of Sense*. They have more Wit than to be afraid of what can never Hurt us; and consequently can shew a common *Respect* and *Civility* to a *Presbyterian*, or any *Dissenting Brother*: Nay, and upon Occasion stand up in Defence of their just *Rights*, as being no more than what we see every Day paid even to a *Jew*, living under the same, tho' not so formal a *Toleration* amongst us. And this more *Sociable Temper* naturally entitles them to a larger Portion of that Diviner Virtue, *Christian Charity*, which undoubtedly does, and ought to recommend to so much the nearer Favour both of HEAVEN, and HEAVEN'S VICEGERENT.

To sum up the *Merits* of this *Spirit of Perverseness* between us, let me take the Freedom of this plain bold *Truth*, in averring, There is not that hot *Party Man* of either side, that is not a *Knave*, a *Fool*, or a *Madman*. A *Knave* (if that Word will reach him) if he's the Author of the *Falsities* and *Forgeries* thrown upon his Adversary: And the *Fool*, or the *Madman*, if he believes them.

And now give me leave to Conclude with this hearty Wish, That all *Eyes* may once be open'd, and that *Right Reason* may one Day Rule the World; when in the general Recovery of our *Senses*, we shall not only dissipate, on the weaker side, all our groundless *Fears* of *Imaginary Dangers*; but likewise, on the other side, abolish the whole *Hypocrisy* of pretended *Fears*, and then, 'tis to be hop'd, we shall see the Day, when the best of PRINCES shall be serv'd by the best of SUBJECTS,

F I N I S.